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LORD DUFFERIN IN THE CITY.

THE conferring of the freedom of the City upon the Marquess of DUFFERIN and AVA, and the subsequent banquet at the Mansion House, are very interesting events of the amiable order of interest; and the speech which Lord DUFFERIN himself delivered at the later ceremony has an interest which is not merely amiable. It is a pity that the LORD MAYOR, who, in sharp contrast to most of his colleagues and to the enormous majority of voters for the City of London, is, perhaps unjustly, reported to be a Separatist, should have thought it well to drag in Lord DUFFERIN's supposed support of Irish tenant right. The tenant right of Ulster is as far as possible removed from the landlord wrong of the Parnellites, and it would, as it happens (though the LORD MAYOR is, doubtless, ignorant of that fact), have been easy to extract from Lord DUFFERIN's published writings or speeches some very happy and pointed comments on the extravagant pretensions of certain Irish tenants or tenants' advocates. But the mistake of a LORD MAYOR cannot detract from the honour paid by the greatest Corporation in the world in ranking the name of a newcomer with the most distinguished list of honorary citizens that any Corporation has ever had. The other speakers, Gladstonian and Unionist, had fortunately more sense of the propriety required on such occasions than the LORD MAYOR; and Lord ROSEBURY and Lord KNUTSFORD, Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord CROSS, vied with each other in praising the guest of the evening, after a fashion which could be offensive to neither party. There is ample material for such praise (a fact which makes the LORD MAYOR's offence the more inexcusable) in the services of a nobleman who has no living equal as a representative of England in her great colonies and dependencies, and at foreign Courts. Even an Irishman—even an Irishman of genius—cannot be two things at once, or the same things in two places; and it may be that if Lord DUFFERIN's performances as a homekeeping politician are considered, he does not take a very high rank. Fortunately for himself and his country, his lot has been chiefly cast, not at home, but abroad; and in Canada and in India, at St. Petersburg and at Constantinople, not to mention divers other places, he has won the highest honours open to those who "lie abroad for their country." To arrange the relations and pacify the susceptibilities of the newly-created Dominion of Canada, to repair the hideous blunders of Lord RIPON at Calcutta, to hold the Turks in play while England was reducing Egypt—three such tasks as these have rarely fallen to the same man, and have never been discharged better. Let us only hope that Lord DUFFERIN is not at the end of his list of them. He has propitiated NEMESIS already by finding so maladroit a welcomer in the usually well-filled chair of the Corporation of London.

When we turn from Lord DUFFERIN to his speech, it is pleasant to recognize even in its defects the qualities which have made the speaker so admirable a diplomatist, so excellent a colonial governor, and so successful a Viceroy. The poet THOMAS MOORE applied, as all men know, glowing words descriptive of an Elysium on earth to India; and Lord DUFFERIN, a countryman of MOORE's, a descendant of MOORE's friend, quite confirms the idea. We do not know that we ever read so cheerful an exposition of the good things that may still exist in this wicked world as Lord DUFFERIN's account of Hindostan. A tolerable acquaintance with the map of Ireland enables us to say that Blarney and Clandeboy are nearly as far apart as any two places or districts can be, even in that country of magnificent moral as well as physical distances, the Isle of Saints; but they really might be neighbouring parishes. The Viceroy is the most hardworked, the most hardworking, the most respon-

sible of mortals; in fact, if it were not for the Civil Service, the Viceroy simply could not vice-reign. But the Civil Service, by a miraculous dispensation of Providence, is the most enlightened, the most "incredibly grinding," the most disinterested of Civil Services. Yet a Civil Service, do what it may, cannot do everything. Thank Heaven! there rushes up, just in the nick of time, the most self-sacrificing, the most far-sighted, the most notoriety-despising of armies. But what is an army without diplomatists? and where will you find such diplomatists as Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN and Sir MORTIMER DURAND? What is it without the sinews of war? and where will you find such financiers as Sir AUCKLAND COLVIN and Mr. WESTLAND? Legislators and administrators? *Parlez-moi de ça* when we have got Sir ALFRED LYALL (it was really rather wicked of Lord DUFFERIN to add Mr. ILBERT). Engineers? There are a baker's dozen who can give points to General ANNENKOFF or M. DE LESSEPS. The private secretaries in India are just incomparable; and as for economists, you should see them. No doubt there are drawbacks. The mild Hindoo will not let his ladies mingle with our society, and if Lord DUFFERIN may be very confidential, "we are not beloved or even popular." But every sensible Indian knows he never will be better off than under us. Moreover, fortunately, we have been taking very great pains to prevent him from being under anybody's use. The Russians have behaved (since last time) quite admirably; the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN is the best of possible Ameers; the Emperor of CHINA comported himself like an Emperor to us in Burmah (*de Thibet ne verbum quidem*), and (this is characteristic and excellent) quite differently from the way in which he behaved to the French. And then Lord DUFFERIN finished with a really eloquent and patriotic peroration which must have made the LORD MAYOR, if he had the wit to understand it, feel rather foolish.

We need hardly say that if Lord DUFFERIN had been a silly person (but in that case this article would not have been written), or if the servants of the QUEEN, whose names he so deservedly mentioned, had not fully deserved their mention, we should not have spoken of his speech in this fashion. It was frothing over with optimism; but under the froth there was an ample measure of the soundest and most generous wine. Very few Englishmen realize sufficiently the quite admirable work which the Indian services—freed from our miserable system of control by the unfittest, and working to do work and not to please DEMOS or curry favour with demagogues—habitually and unostentatiously do. The system of the defence of the North-West frontier, for which Lord DUFFERIN paid to Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS the best-deserved of all his well-deserved compliments, is probably the best designed, and, so far as has been permitted, the best executed scheme of the kind that any English territory has seen. But how noteworthy are the circumstances under which this excellent work has been achieved and how significant is the warning, "We English are not beloved or even popular in India, and 'there is no reason why we should be so.' Of course there is none; of course there is no reason why we should even trouble ourselves about there being none. The immeasurable fools who talk about 'union of hearts,' who would have not merely the sheep elect the shepherd, but the criminals elect the executioner, who palaver about the uselessness of military preparations when the affection of peoples is won, who cheer Ilbert Bills, and approve Native Congresses, may perhaps honestly not see—will certainly if they have any glimmering turn blind eyes to—the plain, unvarnished, rather stern moral of Lord DUFFERIN's polished periods. The Russians are keeping faith inviolate—because we are keeping our powder dry. The Hindoos are loyal—because we do our duty by maintaining law and order, and have efficient magistrates, police, and troops to see that

law and order are maintained. The Emperor of CHINA has been a good neighbour—because his intelligent counsellors have been made to see that they have something to gain by behaving well and something to lose by behaving ill. We rule India by the strong hand, and our rule is becoming better because we are making the hand stronger. And the secret of our being able to make the hand stronger is partly the difference of the system of government, and partly the fact that, in Lord DUFFERIN'S words, Englishmen abroad fight the good fight "for the honour and welfare of England and of her Imperial Crown!" "The honour and welfare of England and of her Imperial Crown"! The words were followed by "loud cheers." Let us hope that among the cheerers were Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., Canon MCCOLL, and Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY, who figure in the list of guests. Let us hope that they, and still more Mr. BRYCE, who was so indignant the other day at an imputation on his patriotism, thumped the table till their glasses rang or broke.

A NEW AMERICAN NOVELIST.

AMERICAN novelists complain that they have not scope enough, that the baneful Young Girl has her eye on their innocent licenses. We do not think that Mr. EDGAR SALTUS has any reason to grumble. (*Eden. The Truth about Tristram Varick.* ROUTLEDGE.) He styles one of his novels, recently published in England, "an attempt in ornamental disenchantment." We might prefer to call it a very successful essay in the art of making an Englishman ill. Mr. SALTUS may fancy that he is disenchanting us of our belief in men and women; he has merely added to the lack of charm prevalent in some American novels and in the American language. No more than we are disenchanted with the English language by Mr. SALTUS'S jargon are we disenchanted with human nature by his repugnant slanders on human beings. *The Truth about Tristram Varick* is the name of Mr. SALTUS'S "attempt in ornamental disenchantment." The gist of the story is not easily to be described without offensiveness. Suppose that the husband of the celebrated LUCRETIA of Rome had killed SEXTUS TARQUINIUS, and suppose that LUCRETIA had then flown into a rage and cried, "I loved him"—meaning SEXTUS—and you come about as near the pleasing invention of Mr. SALTUS as we care to go. In his narrative, to be sure, it is the betrothed, and not the husband, of the injured lady who kills the TARQUIN of Wall Street, an old school friend of his own. But that makes the matter neither more plausible nor more pleasant. By way of strengthening his tale Mr. SALTUS leads the reader to suppose, as the hero's father supposes, that the hero and his betrothed are brother and sister.

We have no intention of pointing out the passages which Mr. SALTUS has tried to make particularly "disenchanting." But his disenchanting dealings with the English language may be mentioned. He is greatest in a kind of esoteric gush. A lady sings, and her voice has "precipitous descents" and "vertiginous flights." This is really "too steep." It "scatters notes like showers of stars, evoking visions of 'flesh and dazzling steel,' for outward application only, we presume. Finally, this unusual voice was "voluptuous" as an organ, and languorous as the consonance of citherns "and guitars." One can fancy Mr. SALTUS reading this passage over with complacency, and considering whether "citherns and citoles" were not even better than citherns and guitars. On hearing and seeing the owner of this voice, who had "amber eyes" and resembled "the CLEOPATRA unearthed by Lieutenant GORRINGE," Mr. VARICK felt that "his patriotism was rivetted." "The indolent undulation" of her hips "was particularly 'rivetting.'" When he is interested, and when the characters of Miss AMÉLIE RIVES are interested, "a sudden moisture comes into the palms" of their hands. Consequently these passionate persons are always a little damp. This greatly contributes to the ornamental disenchantment. Throughout the tale people "sit 'waist-encircled,'" and are "oppressed by the invitations of the night," not invitations to dinner. "The town reeked with love as a brewery reeks of beer." This is very neat—and disenchanting. Here is more queer style:—"Whoso 'discovers that affection reposed has been given to an illusory representation . . . must experience a sinking 'more sickening than any corpse can convey.'" We do

not know precisely how much sickening sinking an average corpse can convey, and we have not "given" "affection reposed" (whatever that may mean) to the illusory representation of TRISTRAM VARICK; but, if Mr. SALTUS means that he makes us feel rather unwell, he is quite correct in his theory. "It seems a *kalpa* of time" since we began it, as the hero says when he proposes. As if a girl, however undulating her hips and leopard-like her demeanour, could possibly know anything about *kalpas*! We cannot make a catalogue of all the "resilient sibilants" in Mr. SALTUS'S style—"the apostile of grief," "the sea, 'captious as wine'" ("captious" is good), the Chimera (which is a bird, with the wings of a butterfly—a queer Chimera!), and so forth. "No one save myself in all the 'world has learned the acuity of pain. I alone am its 'depository,'" says Mr. VARICK. It sounds like a wild dream of a person engaged in composing advertisements. "The Acuity of Pain. None other is Genuine. We alone 'are its Depository.'" And this speech is made in a moment intended to be tragic, when the hero is about stabbing the friend of his youth! As ALCESTE was more *plaisant* than he supposes, so is Mr. SALTUS more "disenchanting" than he intends to be. We by no means entertain for him and his hero "a sympathy, not spoken, but sentiable."

Mr. SALTUS'S other shilling novel, *Eden*, is not perhaps quite so moving as the annals of Mr. VARICK. In *Eden* we have no more curious and disgusting situation than that in which a married lady confesses to her husband her love for his son by a former marriage. To be sure, the husband does not read the confession, and, what is more, the lady only "fessed," like TOPSY, by way of having something to say. She did not care for her son-in-law, and had, indeed, refused "to play GUINEVERE to his LAUNCELOT." Not that the young man had invited her to this rehearsal, he was only confiding to her his affection for another young lady. Moreover, he was disguised as a Private Secretary, so one must not be too hard on EDEN, the married lady. She was of a jealous temperament, and her experience was mixed. As a girl she was betrothed to a Mr. DUGAL MAULE, an amorous attorney. When he figured in a divorce case, she had a fever, and, on recovering, wooed a Mr. USSELEX. He was a mysterious Mr. USSELEX, and, though apparently the son of a shoemaker, was really (as far as we understand) the grandson of a Kaiser. "His attitude was arrestive as an 'obelisk, and uncircuitable as a labyrinth.'" What Mr. SALTUS means by this Egyptian passage we do not presume to understand. An obelisk is not a policeman. There is no difficulty in making a circuit round a labyrinth, as Mr. SALTUS appears to believe, or as we translate the rare word "uncircuitable." The heroine "is more in- 'toxicating than the dream of a fallen angel,'" and yet she looked back with pleasure into "the absence of sentience 'from which she had issued.'" "A commingling of the 'vatic and the amused, accentuated by sarcasm,'" marks the countenance of another character. For our own part, we feel more amused by Mr. SALTUS'S affectations than "vatic" as to their meaning, which is sometimes "as unknown as 'Ischwanbrat.'" Mr. SALTUS calls the classics "the bores" and "pedants of antiquity." Posterity is never likely to hear of him; if posterity does, it will be as a pedant and a bore, "prompt, vertiginous, immense," as Mr. USSELEX says when he proposes. It was odd language from the son of a shoemaker, but perhaps not unbecoming the grandson of an emperor. The young lady to whom he offered his hand "listened as were she assisting at the 'soliloquy of an engastrimuth,'" while he exclaimed, "For- 'get my outer envelope.'" Was ever woman moved before by an engastrimuth in an outer envelope? When his suit prospered, envelope and all, his wife "regarded him as one 'of the coefficients of the age.'" Of course she did not know that he had been married before, that he had a daughter who was "rather fly"—whatever that may be—and so forth. So she was jealous of her daughter-in-law, and pretended to be in love with her son-in-law, and these absurdities, in the jargon of which we give specimens, make up this addition to literature.

It is not probable that Mr. SALTUS'S diligent attempts at originality will be more popular in England than in America. The performances only prove that one cannot be original by being absurd nor "powerful" by being unpleasant. The English language and the common sense of mankind have nothing to dread from Mr. EDGAR SALTUS.

THE FIRE BRIGADE.

IT may be hoped, and partly believed, that the *Times'* account of the riot on the Horse Guards Parade was somewhat exaggerated. As there described, the spectacle was very shameful in itself, and painfully suggestive of what may happen in this vastly populated city if it is given up to the governance of provisional amateurs with strong political convictions. Briefly related, the story is this.

A review of the London Fire Brigade was to be held on Saturday (the QUEEN's birthday), for the special purpose of honouring the most distinguished members of a most admirable service. The PRINCE of WALES was to be there; the PRINCESS of WALES was herself to decorate the men, whose coolness and courage had given them distinction amongst as brave and useful a set of fellows as England can show. The parade was to begin at half-past four o'clock; but, the day being fair, the time Saturday afternoon, and the occasion one that strongly appealed to popular sympathies, the Horse Guards ground was crowded with spectators soon after three o'clock. By four o'clock nearly thirty thousand persons, it is said, filled the parade-ground, and had it all to themselves. The London County Council had taken the management of the matter, and through its Fire Brigade Committee had made all the necessary arrangements—or so it was supposed. The governing idea of those arrangements seems to have been that this was to be a civic business altogether. The police were to have as little to do with it as possible—the military nothing at all. The whole proceedings, to use the language of advertisement, were to be under the direction of the London County Council, and were to inaugurate and illustrate a system of civic control of the elected representatives of the people. Mr. HOWARD VINCENT, a member of the Council and Chairman of its Fire Brigade Committee, was appointed to settle the whole thing; and he himself was to take command of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, who, with the help of some police, were to keep order. But order there was none; nothing but disorder. Mr. HOWARD VINCENT and his men arrived on the ground just to find it packed by a dense mob—much of it rowdy—with neither strength enough, nor management enough, nor authority enough to do anything with it. There was to have been an enclosed space for the members of the Royal Family and for some privileged ticket-holders; a space necessary, also, for the distribution of rewards to the firemen who had so well earned the distinction. But no such space had been kept clear, and none could be made clear now. The whole ground was occupied by a dense crowd, by whom the Volunteers seem to have been received as so many additions to their number; as, in fact, they were, and nothing else. When the Royal party left Marlborough House, it was with great difficulty that a passage was made for them by a few mounted police, the two carriages being escorted to the spot where the fire-engines were drawn up. The Royal carriages were instantly surrounded by the crowd, who pressed upon them so closely that firemen were sent to their doors, with orders to hold on to the handles—a duty to which they stuck with their customary tenacity, though they were very much hustled and bruised. Meanwhile the whole Parade was a scene of the rudest disorder. Thousands shouted amidst the surging and crushing, loyally it is true; but we know what an excited mob is, and it kept up its buffetings and roarings and its swayings here and there clean up to the carriage where the PRINCESS was seated. Nevertheless, an attempt was made to bring up the men who were to be decorated, but all in vain. At this moment the crush was so great that Captain SHAW himself was swept back, and the business of the day had to be given up. The more necessary thing now was to get the Royal party into the Horse Guards offices forthwith; and this was done by a small body of mounted police, who forced a passage through the mob to the gates of the building, which was opened by the soldiers. The PRINCE and PRINCESS and their sons and daughters soon appeared at the windows of the levée room, and were cheered lustily over and over again. But the mischief was done. Some attempts were made to repair the "mained rites" of the occasion, but to no avail. "The Volunteers had no control over the mob; indeed, the men were swept away, band and all." There was no space for the fire-engines to move in. A run was made of one or two of them, by way of carrying out the idea of a parade; "but there was obvious danger in the uncontrolled condition of the people, and, if it had not been for the brake being applied to one of the

engines, a man who had been pushed down must have "been killed." However, we gather that the engines did manage to pass before the windows of the Horse Guards at a gentle trot; and then the men, so well-deserving and so sorely disappointed, went back to their respective stations—in what frame of mind may be easily imagined.

Now this is an affair which readily lends itself to exaggeration, and for a time there was some disposition to make more of it than was justified upon cool observation of the facts. For one thing, the statement that "organized ruffianism made a demonstration at the Royal carriages" may be doubted. That there was plenty of ruffianism scattered through the crowd is likely enough; that, if ever it is afforded another such opportunity, it will "attend in its thousands" or its hundreds under some malign scheme of organization is very probable too; but we see no reason to believe in the presence of anything of the kind on the Horse Guards Parade on Saturday. Moreover, there is abundant testimony to the acclamations with which the PRINCE and PRINCESS were received when they were on the ground and afterwards when they appeared at the windows of the levée room. The crowd was a loyal crowd; and we may take it as a matter of certainty that nine out of ten, through the whole twenty or thirty thousand people of which the mob was composed, were heartily ashamed of the spectacle to which they themselves so thoughtlessly contributed. But when all's said that can be said on that score the whole scene must be described as singularly disgraceful, and as a very pretty warning to advanced Reformers. This they may be called upon to remark—nothing like it has been seen in this country since the accession of the QUEEN. It was not till the London County Council took up the management of such matters, in evident determination to show how little necessary is the presence of "a discredited police" at gatherings of the people, that so shameful a spectacle was ever witnessed in our time. There has been a meeting of the London Council since Saturday; thereat Mr. HOWARD VINCENT tendered alleged explanations; discussion followed, and from all that was said we can gather only one safe conclusion—that the Council had a mind to make what has been aptly called its "first experiment as a sort of Committee of Public Safety"; with the result we know of. That the Council, or its sub-Committee, trusted too much to the military and police experience of Mr. HOWARD VINCENT may be urged with truth, no doubt; but that is a mere detail of bad management. The main point for observation is the obvious determination of the Council to begin a new era of police management in London, by taking the arrangements for this parade out of the hands of the Home Office and its "myrmidons." When all explanation has been rendered from every side, this little fact will remain; and it is what we are most concerned with. But not in complete dissatisfaction. Perhaps we may even admit a certain sense of pleasure that the experiment was tried upon an occasion which supplied comparatively small opportunity for lawlessness, and not much instigation to rowdiness. It was a shameful scene, but the shame of it falls most where it may operate as a warning against certain political conceits of an extremely foolish and dangerous kind. That it will do much to extinguish those absurd notions of civic government is not certain yet. It is to be observed, for instance, that when at the Council meeting on Tuesday Lord COMPTON asked whether there should not be some expression of regret for "the inconvenience caused to the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES," the proposal was ruled out of order by the Chairman. That does not seem to be a very promising incident, as certainly it is not a graceful one. What is certain is that there is now something more to say against the preposterous demand of the Council that the police of London shall be placed under its control—a demand which it would be the blindest folly to comply with.

JOVIALITY.

EVERY good thing has its drawbacks, and, though spirits are excellent things, we could well have spared for a little longer the recrudescence in the columns of the *Times* of its funny man, who reappeared early in the present week. Casting his eye over the weltering chaos of folly which the civilized world always presents to those who know where to look for it, and seeking for some victim on whose person to prove that his blade had not lost from disuse the

bluntness of edge for which it had long been remarkable, this comedian happened to select for his display the circular of the Paris Exhibition "Congress for Studying the Aims and Advantages of Athletic Education." The questions asked in the circular are certainly a little droll, and the circular itself is, like all other such circulars, open to the objection that persons who are in favour of everybody minding his own business frequently resent this kind of catechism altogether, and consign the document which contains it to the wastepaper-basket, not without a curse and a regret that you cannot answer the application as you would like to without partly effecting the object of its existence. The latter consideration, however, does not seem to have appealed to the *Times'* humourist, who complacently cracked his jokes upon the absurdity of not knowing that it is only at a few unimportant seminaries—such as Eton, Winchester, Rugby, and Harrow—that there are any "local" games with rules of their own, and upon the extraordinary weakness of forgetting that the word "sporting" has at least three meanings, with two of which the *Times* itself deigns to be acquainted.

The fact is that M. DE COUBERTIN has for a considerable time been making efforts, with which it is difficult, and rather inhuman, not to sympathize, to make French schoolboys a little more like their contemporaries in England. No one who has seen French schoolboys walking about in uniform, and in what schoolgirls are believed to call a "crocodile," still less any one who has inspected the dormitories and domestic arrangements generally, in any of the great schools of the country, can fail to see that the intention at least of M. COUBERTIN'S endeavours is laudable. The pursuit in English schools of what Frenchmen denominate, with vague wonder, "*les grands jeux*," is of course often carried to a pitch at which it is eminently capable of incurring the ridicule of an impartial critic; but there can be no doubt whatever that schoolboys in England enjoy themselves much more than schoolboys in France, and are, at the end of their schooling, a great deal more attractive personally, whether they have or have not been more usefully and effectively educated on the whole. Therefore, a Frenchman bestirring himself with a view to lessening the prevailing contrast is, at any rate, a person to be treated sympathetically, even if he carries his energy to the point of being a little ridiculous. No doubt M. DE COUBERTIN has the misfortune to be a Frenchman, but "they too are God's creatures," and as long as they wish to improve themselves and their children in moderation only, it is not kind to discourage their efforts.

Perhaps the most pleasing thing about the revived comedian's criticism is the perfect familiarity with the whole subject of athletic amusements at English schools and in England generally which he himself incidentally displays. He thoroughly understands, as already suggested, that the word "sport" in colloquial English generally has reference to horse-racing and its belongings, and that a "sporting association," if the words were English at all, and if they did not mean any association of an exciting or attractive character, or an association of persons interested in hunting, shooting, fishing, or the like, might mean an association which had to do with races, pigeon-shooting, and other matters in which gambling is the really important element. He is also well aware that all laws of cricket and football are the works of the M.C.C., the R.F.U., and the Football Association. All these bodies consist of men, and the games they regulate are played by men, and, as boys are little men, of course they have no games or forms of games of their own; and M. DE COUBERTIN, in making his inquiries all over the country, is neglecting the wise injunction *petere fontes*. All this the *Times* sets out very nicely; and not only does it know the games that are played in England, but also those that are not. For instance, there are "the exercises in which the French are proficient—military gymnastics and, above all, the art of fence. The last is a pastime which is almost extinct in England," for which misfortune the *Times* knows and gives the reasons. But it will not do to be proud. No! "We do not disparage its value as a training for the eye, the muscles, and the bearing." Never shall it be said that England, as represented by the funny man of the *Times*, disparages the art of fence because it does not know how to fence. There is no need for the *Times* in this respect to profit by the example of M. DE COUBERTIN, who certainly cannot be accused of a lack of interest in the things which the boys of his country cannot do.

KILLING NO MURDER.

IF the Special Commission on Charges and Allegations ever comes to an end (and now that Irishmen, inspired by Mr. PARNELL'S partial escape, have betaken themselves once more to doings like the CRONIN murder, it is by no means certain that it will not have to be made a standing institution), its historian will not lack examples of rather grim irony. The publication by one of the counsel in the case, not only before the decision of the Judges is given, but before even his own case is finished, of the speech which he delivered in court, is one of these. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, when he arranged that Messrs. MACMILLAN should give this bulky *plaidoyer* to the world, must have shrewdly suspected that not a few people would see in the proceeding a tacit acknowledgment of the real nature of the composition, which is an appeal, not to trained, dispassionate, and well-informed judges, but to an ignorant and impressionable public. But the said historian will find a still more notable subject in the attitude of certain Gladstonian writers and speakers towards Mr. O'BRIEN'S defence of the Manchester murderers—a matter which, occurring like Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S headlong publication, out of court, can be commented on without any of that neglect of decency which the Separatist press has displayed from the very first. The writers and speakers in question have at last simply adopted and openly championed the Irish view of the assassins of Sergeant BRETT; not to mention that some of them have gone on to make infamous personal attacks on Sir JAMES HANNEN. It is satisfactory that they should do so, for it means a yet further throwing off of the mask; but it is perhaps desirable to remind those to whom a twenty years' memory is as oblivion what sort of thing it is that not merely those who openly endorse Mr. O'BRIEN'S defence, but those who shake hands with Mr. O'BRIEN and his leader, are defending.

If there ever was a case of simple common-law and common-sense murder, that case was the case for which these three ruffians justly suffered. And it is particularly worthy of reminder that some amiable English sentimentalists who, with Mr. BRIGHT at their head, protested against the execution at the time, protested against it on quite different grounds from those which are fashionable with Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, and the other apologists of the Parnellite party. Separatists have rather maladroitly fished out Mr. BRIGHT'S own words on the subject years after the affair. From these words it is clear that, though he did not like capital punishment at all, and liked capital punishment for so-called "political" crime least of any, he objected chiefly on the quaint ground that three men, of whom all could not have, and of whom it was not positively certain that any had, fired the fatal shot, should be hanged for the death of one. This grovelling view is not that of the modern Parnellite. He bases his admiration of the gallows birds on the pleas (either or both) of Mr. O'BRIEN that the act of killing BRETT was an act of war, or of Mr. MCCARTHY that the bullet was only intended to open the door of the van which BRETT guarded; that BRETT "was in the way of the bullet"; that he was as a clumsy fellow who should put his neck between, say, Mr. GLADSTONE'S axe and its destined tree. It is almost an insult to expose such impudently feeble sophistry, more particularly as the weight of evidence pointed to the firing of the shot, not through the lock at all, but deliberately at BRETT through the ventilator. But it is sufficient to ask what Irishmen would have said if, before they did anything, KELLY'S rescuers had been shot down by soldiers on the other side, which in "real war" would have been perfectly legitimate; and to remark further that, if in "real war" any Irishmen in the service of any nation attempt to carry out a similar exploit in a similar way, and fail, they will, at the hands of any general who knows his rights and his mind, be made martyrs by the aid of the nearest tree or the nearest file of soldiers without loss of time. Mr. MCCARTHY'S excuse is still more absurd. The poor fellows had no sledgehammers or cold chisels, so they picked the lock with the revolver, used, not *qua* revolver, but *qua* picklock. They were, in fact, honest tradesmen badly served by their tools, inasmuch as the shameless revolver bullet, not content with being a picklock, became a revolver bullet again when it got out of the lock and ill-naturedly killed the obstructive BRETT. To this it is almost superfluous, though final, to reply, in the same vein, that ALLEN, LARKIN, and O'BRIEN were not hanged for that part of the action of

their implement which took place inside the lock, but for that which took place beyond it; and that a person who uses revolvers for picklocks must take the consequences. It is, perhaps, better and sufficient simply to set down what sort of an action it is which the new idols of Gladstonian Liberals glorify as qualifying for martyrdom, and what sort of defence has been set up for the martyrs.

TWO OF A TRADE.

IT is to be feared that the reputation of "littery gents," whether they belong to the original or the critical variety, will not be much improved by the case of *TIBBITS v. MACMILLAN*. The verdict for a farthing damages follows the precedent of *WHISTLER v. RUSKIN*, and is in other respects defensible. But, though it seems hard that Messrs. *MACMILLAN* should have to pay even their own costs for what was certainly not their own fault, the case differs from Mr. *WHISTLER*'s in one not unimportant particular. It was not and could not be suggested that between Mr. *WHISTLER* and Mr. *RUSKIN* there existed any personal rivalry. Dr. *TIBBITS* and his reviewer both keep massage schools or classes, and the two establishments are situated in the same street. It has been said that a man should never, if he can help it, review the book of a friend, and should never, whether he can help it or not, review the book of an enemy. The latter part of this maxim is certainly to be commended, and Mr. *LITTLE* will probably think more highly of it in the future than he appears to have thought of it in the past. His criticism of *Massage and Allied Methods of Treatment* was, even as it appeared in the columns of *Nature*, very severe. Before the editor had toned it down it was more severe still. Chief Justice *COCKBURN* formulated the sensible doctrine that "a man who publishes a book challenges praise; and must abide by it if the criticism of it is adverse; and, if literature is to be free, so must criticism, provided always that the critic writes fairly, un-actuated by any private or malicious intention." Some juries seem to have thought that, if they did not agree with the opinions expressed by a critic, or if they admired the book, or if they considered the review to be in bad taste, they had a right to give the defendant a sum appropriate in their judgment to the offence. Judges have never been very jealous for the freedom of the press, which they are fond of saying "should not be confounded with license." But they saw the absurdity of their position, and the ordinary critic, or his employer, has not now much to fear from the law of libel. The very fact that *WHISTLER v. RUSKIN*, so much quoted in this case, was tried more than ten years ago, proves that such actions are not common. A cynical observer might perhaps account for their rarity by the preference among authors for unfavourable notice over no notice at all. It would have been cruel, said Mr. *FINLAY*, to leave Dr. *TIBBITS*'s book unacknowledged altogether, especially as it was sent to the office of *Nature* by Messrs. *CHURCHILL*, the publishers.

When they have got their criticism, most authors grin and bear it. The self-advertising tendencies of the human mind, and of the literary mind not the least, do not usually carry their possessor so far as the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. It must be admitted that Dr. *TIBBITS* had some ground of complaint. The fortunes of his book were rather remarkable. Mr. *NORMAN LOCKYER*, the author—we mean the editor—of *Nature* sent the work to Dr. *LAUDER BRUNTON* for review, and Dr. *BRUNTON* sent it on to Mr. *LITTLE*. Mr. *LITTLE* teaches massage at No. 60 Welbeck Street, and Dr. *TIBBITS* imparts similar instruction at No. 73. Mr. Justice *DENMAN*, in summing up, remarked that "one great classical scholar might, when reviewing some classical publication of another, speak of him as not showing [an acquaintance with] the very rudiments of Greek scholarship without necessarily offending against the law of libel." Perhaps so; though, if we understand the hypothesis, the assertion would be untrue to the knowledge of the person making it. But, if the two scholars kept two schools within a few doors of each other, a different interpretation might be put upon the condemnatory phrase. Mr. *LITTLE*'s review may have been just, and he called some important evidence to corroborate it. But it was couched in the once familiar style of the late Mr. *BLUDYER*, as the following sentence will suffice to show:—"It is not easy to adopt any method in criticizing a work devoid of all arrangement

ment, but from the chaos of thought and diction [we will select a few samples of what the writer has considered suitable food for the minds of his readers." If the public, in reading language of this kind, were aware that it came from the pen of a competing practitioner, the effect of the stricture would be considerably diminished. On the other hand, some of the quotations made by Mr. *LITTLE* justify strong comment—such, for instance, as "You then massage the members from the waist downwards, working upwards as before." The proper inference to be drawn from Mr. *LOCKYER*'s excisions may well have puzzled the jury. He omitted, for example, a somewhat offensive allusion to "the puff direct and the puff oblique." If the expression was evidence of Mr. *LITTLE*'s malice, the omission was evidence of Mr. *LOCKYER*'s good faith. The action, however, was brought against Messrs. *MACMILLAN*, who could only be credited by an elaborate fiction with Mr. *LITTLE*'s recklessness or Mr. *LOCKYER*'s case.

NYASSALAND.

IT is seldom that a scheme at once so extensive, so pressing, and so worthy of support as that which was sketched in the *Times* of Wednesday, for the organization of the interior of Africa between the coast districts of Mozambique and Angola, has been put before the British public. We made some comments last week on the difficulties on Lake Nyassa and its neighbourhood, and saw how Lord *SALISBURY*, speaking a fortnight ago, at once declined to advance the British protectorate from its present footing on the Zambesi northwards and scouted the idea either of recognizing Portuguese claims or of these claims being actively enforced. The scheme now proposed—that of a chartered extension of the present African Lakes Company, whose operations and status shall be something similar to those of the Companies of British Borneo, East Africa, and the Niger—appears to hit the mean between inaction and undue advance as happily as anything that can be devised. The boundaries of the new district would, of course, be matters of no small discussion. On the South there is no difficulty at all, owing to the fortunate pushing on of the Bechuanaland Protectorate. On the North the fancy frontier of the Congo State prevents any great difficulty on one side; and though the Germans have made somewhat vague and unexpected claims in the direction of Lake Tanganyika, it is unlikely that in their present plight, and considering their relations with England on the spot, there would be any difficulty in adjustment. With Portugal the case would, no doubt, be different. But we still have some holds over Portugal which might be judiciously used; we have the great advantage of having steadily resisted her claim, and she, in her turn, by consenting to reasonable arrangements, would have the other great advantage of acquiring settled and undoubted boundaries which could not be disputed in the future.

The most frantic anti-annexationist, if he retains a remnant of common sense, must surely perceive how desirable it is that some arrangement of this kind should be come to, and come to quickly. But a very few years ago, except to persons of real foresight, it might have seemed premature and unnecessary. English trade, English missions, English travellers went where they pleased without the formalities of annexations or charters. But a rude awakening from this pleasant dream of "the world being all before the Anglo-Saxon race" (we think that is the phrase) was achieved by Prince *BISMARCK*'s flying squadron of annexing despatch vessels. Everybody knows what has recently happened for want of such forethought on the Zanzibar coast, which but a few short years ago was regarded as a sort of dependency of British India, and which might have been actually so if Mr. *GLADSTONE* had chosen. The loss of Delagoa Bay, the actual annexation of Namaland by the Germans, their quasi-annexation of Damaland, even the establishment of the Congo State, have seriously curtailed the area, and still more seriously impaired the accessibility, of the parts of Africa best fitted for English colonization, lying most handy to territory English already, and most to be regretted should they fall under any other Power. This is to all appearance the last time of asking whether the Germans succeed in overcoming the resistance of the Zanzibar coast natives or not. In the former case it is certain that German enterprise will not stop at Tanganyika, and in the latter the new development of "Arab" antagonism to Euro-

peans will be stronger than ever. There could not be a clearer case of those Books of which it is now not lawful to speak except by gentle allusion. That the Government may hesitate (for, though a good enough Government, it is, like Captain WAVERLEY, not exactly famous for knowing its own mind) is probable, that the enemy of the LAWSON and LABOUCHERE breed will bark is certain. But it is most earnestly to be hoped that permission will be forthcoming from the Foreign Office and a sufficient (it will not take very much) amount of money from the British public, which is just now throwing away a hundred and a thousand times as much on the modern equivalents of Spanish donkeys. The time of free selection over the world which has lasted so long and so profitably for England is rapidly drawing to a close, and not a moment of its few remaining moments is to be lost.

THE VICEROYALTY OF IRELAND.

LORD ZETLAND'S acceptance of the Viceroyalty of Ireland relieves the Government of a difficulty which, though it has, of course, been absurdly exaggerated in Gladstonian quarters, nevertheless exists. Nor is it in the least degree surprising that it should exist. The reluctance on the part of the very limited number of persons qualified for it by position to accept the office is perfectly natural, and the taunts which have been levelled by Gladstonians at the Liberal-Unionist peers for sharing this reluctance are quite uncalled for. If these rash witlings imagine that the inconvenient effect of the feeling in question is specially felt by Conservative Governments, they would do well to correct their impressions by inquiry from persons better informed. As a matter of fact, the appointment to the Irish Viceroyalty has been, down to the year 1886, a source of more or less grave perplexity to almost every Administration, of whatever political colour; and the references of Gladstonians to the ease with which Mr. GLADSTONE found a Viceroy to accept his Home Rule policy are particularly infelicitous. Of course if you have no objection, founded on the nature of the duty, to being the bearer of a white flag—as Lord ABERDEEN, by the hypothesis, had not—the office which he accepted on that condition possesses the obvious attraction of being exempt from the danger, contention, obloquy, and whatever other inconveniences attach to it under ordinary circumstances, and of being fed daily—if such diet is to his taste—with flattery of a highly-seasoned description. But to any Viceroy who goes to Dublin to do anything else but capitulate to the Nationalist party the post is about as thankless a one as can be conceived. It entails a considerable expenditure, with not very much to show for it; it imposes a certain amount of genuine responsibility, without conferring any real power, and it subjects its occupant to many of the discomforts, unaccompanied by any of the compensations, of his Chief Secretary. It is small wonder, then, that the comparative handful of English and Irish peers possessing the requisite wealth and status to enable them to fill the post becomingly do not “all speak at once” when a vacancy occurs at Dublin Castle.

This consideration alone, however, would certainly not avail to render the abolition of the Viceroyalty advisable. The arguments for that step have taken a much wider scope, and, as arrayed by the memorialists who have just addressed the PRIME MINISTER on the subject, have undoubtedly a very cogent look. The strictly political arguments for the abolition always do look imposing when they are grouped together. It is the fact that “the existence of the Viceroyalty encourages the idea that the complete union between Great Britain and Ireland has not taken place,” and “the discontinuance of the Viceroyalty and the transfer of the Executive duties, now performed by the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary, to a Secretary of State and a Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland, would assimilate the administration with” (though we should prefer “to”) “that of the rest of the United Kingdom.” Equally true is it, though not quite so important, that the position of the Lord-Lieutenant is a politically anomalous one, as, instead of being raised, like a colonial governor, above the strife of parties, he is obliged to act in his twofold capacity of “official representative of the Sovereign and member of the Irish Executive Government.” And, above all, there is the fact which the memorialists do not, of course, refer to, but which can hardly fail to have been present to their minds—

that the Parnellites are now violently desirous of maintaining the Viceroyalty at any cost. There can be no better rule of the political or any other game than to make that move which your adversary most objects to your making, especially when, as in the present case, he may be credited with a thorough understanding of the game as it affects himself, and an almost invariably accurate appreciation of what is calculated to help or hinder him winning it. The one argument for maintaining the *status quo*—we do not say that it is or ought to be a paramount one, or that it may not be properly overruled by one or other of the foregoing considerations, but we do say that it ought to be duly weighed—is that to a large number of the middle and trading classes in Ireland the Viceroyalty is an acceptable institution, and that their loyalty would be seriously damped and discouraged by its abolition. The sections of Irish society whom it might thus affect are to a great extent inarticulate, and their opinion ought to be much more carefully investigated than it has been up to the present. Influential and authoritative as it is, the Committee of Peers and Members of Parliament who have been pressing their views upon Lord SALISBURY can hardly be regarded as in any case representatives of the large class of whom we speak.

THE STRASBURG INCIDENT.

IT would be very interesting to ask (in some sound-proof chamber where Mr. LABOUCHERE could not hear, and where the questioned person would, therefore, be safe from the fate of Sir HORACE DAVEY) those adherents of Mr. GLADSTONE who have scolded Lord SALISBURY for his remarks on the state of Europe and the need of National Defence in the House of Lords, what they think of the Strasburg incident. Up to the eve of the announcement (a quite mistaken one, of course, but most people know what mistakes of this kind mean) that the Emperor WILLIAM and King HUMBERT were going to a review at Strasburg, Europe was “more than usual calm,” as the infant poetess remarked. An hour or two later, and it was all in an uproar; the Exchanges disturbed; one considerable, if excitable, nation in a state of gathering frenzy; another, yet more considerable, indignant as at an unwarrantable interference in her affairs; and a third wondering whether her Sovereign had committed an indiscretion or not. Nor, as it happens, does it matter in the least whether the intention attributed to the two Sovereigns was a fiction or a fact. It was the announcement, not the fact, that brought about the trouble. One wisecracker of a correspondent, in commenting on the circumstances, remarked half plaintively, half indignantly, “as if Strasburg were not ‘as much a German city as Berlin,’ than which it is probable that even a newspaper Correspondent has never made a more idiotic remark. From the point of view of red-tape Strasburg is, no doubt, as much a German town as Berlin, and from the point of view of certain pedants it may be even more so, for aught we know. From the point of view of practical politicians the state of things is, of course, this:—Until less than twenty years ago Strasburg had been a French town for nearly two centuries, and it is no more regarded by Frenchmen or by a great part of its own inhabitants as a German town now than Venice and Verona were regarded by Italians and by their inhabitants as Austrian towns thirty or forty years ago. That it is somewhat hard upon the Germans to be obliged, on pain of exciting European complications, to be careful in the exercise of their undoubted rights of conquest, though of conquest merely, may be admitted at once. That it is still harder on one gentleman when he goes to stay with another to have to consider carefully whether he will not mortally offend a third by visiting with his host a particular shooting-box which the said host has gained at law from the offended one, may be granted still more freely. But the fact is the fact, and the mere occurrence of it shows how utterly fallacious and unstable the present European peace is. A hundred accidents like this might happen, and no harm but a temporary explosion of ill-temper result; but at the hundred and first, or, for the matter of that, at the first of all, the fire might catch the magazines. Only the inscrutable persons who blandly declare that a general Continental war would be a matter quite indifferent to England can fail to discern the bearings of this incident on the necessities of English National Defence.

The affair is all the more important because it throws

fresh light on the state of feeling between France and a nation quite other than Germany. The exclamations of the French newspapers that they really should not have thought it of the son of VICTOR EMANUEL, the plaintive references to the blood shed at Solferino and Magenta (blood for which Frenchmen seem to find it convenient to forget that they were paid well and on the spot), can deceive no one who has any real knowledge of foreign politics. The French have long found out the truth of the warnings which NAPOLEON III. received at the time, but which partly his sentimental Italomania, and still more his desire to play a great part in kingmaking, map-altering, and generalaping of his uncle, induced him to disregard. Instead of her old enemy Austria, who had long been out of arm's length, instead of the comparatively harmless small Italian principalities and kingdoms, France established at her doors a united and powerful State, certain to prove a rival, and by no means certain to prove a friendly one. After allowing for the presence of the *insanabile vulnus* of 1870 in the one case, and the absence of any such thing in the other, it may be doubted whether Italy is not almost more unpopular than Germany with Frenchmen. She is a formidable rival in the Mediterranean, her population underbids and overworks the population of the South of France, and there is the haunting fear of having some time or other to give up the price which NAPOLEON exacted for his assistance. Thus the Strasburg incident throws light on not one, but two, of those causes of evil which, when they once exist between neighbouring countries, have never in all history been known to fail of their effect sooner or later.

Instructive, however, as this incident is, and well as it bears out Lord SALISBURY's remarks, it has fortunately blown over, and nothing else of the first interest has happened in the foreign politics of the week. The SHAH of PERSIA, having left St. Petersburg, is slowly making his way by other capitals to England, where, as the *Daily News* observes with unconscious irony, a "number of gentlemen" below the gangway have determined, in the effusiveness of their hospitality, "to oppose the vote" for his reception, as well as for that of the German EMPEROR. But the SHAH does not leave his late host in comfortable circumstances. That ALEXANDER III. has returned or will return to the disastrous policy of shutting himself up in Gatschina, as has been asserted, is extremely improbable, and there may doubtless be exaggeration in the reports which describe the Russian prisons as crammed with Nihilist suspects. But there is no doubt at all that there has been a great recrudescence of Nihilism lately, and such a recrudescence always brings with it the fear of a plunge, in the hopes of counteracting it, into aggressive schemes abroad. The attack on M. GARASHANINE in Servia, too, is one of those incidents on which, though on any given occasion they may have no serious consequences, serious consequences are just as likely to follow as not. The advocates of Russia set down M. GARASHANINE's unpopularity to the score of his having assisted King MILAN "to betray his country to Austria," which, of course, only means that M. GARASHANINE opposed the betrayal of his country to Russia. The last-named Power cannot in all countries get up the "de Witting" (as our forefathers would have said) of persons who have the impudence to oppose her; but apparently she can do so in Servia with such effect that M. GARASHANINE has been practically imprisoned on pretext of securing his safety, but more probably with the intention of teaching him not to blaspheme. We believe that in Lord DUFFERIN's rather rose-coloured speech at the Mansion House the speaker was perfectly justified in praising the high sense of honour and the conscientiousness of the CZAR. The personal honour of ALEXANDER, of all the three ALEXANDERS, as well as of NICHOLAS, has been undoubted, and has contrasted very favourably with that of not a few other European sovereigns during this century. Yet (and it is a very unlucky commentary on the encomium) no Power, not even France under LOUIS PHILIPPE, has pursued during the same century a policy so marked by shameless breaches of faith and hardly less shameless aggressions without cause as Russia. Even FREDERICK the Great's wars were plausible and respectable in origin and excuse compared with the attacks on Turkey made five-and-thirty and twelve years ago; while in regard to the special subject of which Lord DUFFERIN is treating it may be perfectly true that the Russians have kept inviolable faith for the last few months, but this estimable display has been preceded by one unbroken chain of aggression and evasion of pledges for many years. This is not the place to explain the paradoxical fact, equally paradoxical

and unquestionable, that the only country in Europe where there is a real autocrat, and where the autocrats have successively been of rather unusually high character, has been the country of Europe whose public behaviour has generally been marked by the most bad faith. It might be possible to find an explanation without condemning personal government as such, but that is hardly the question. Meanwhile it is sufficient to say that the guarantee of personal faith in a ruler of Russia is never a wholly reassuring one, when there are such elements of disturbance loose as there are at present all over Europe, and not least in Russia herself, and the countries with which she is most closely connected.

THE GENERAL AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT was, of course, necessary that the General should be kept before the public eye—of that there is no doubt. Critics who do not like him are, we may allow, quite in the right when they agree that the scene in the Chamber on Tuesday was only another advertisement. But was it necessary that his enemies should lend him a hand? Manifestly not, but it is what they have done. There could have been no scene in the Chamber if the majority had not agreed to make one. The anti-Boulangist Deputies had only to leave M. LAGUERRE to the President, to listen in silence to M. DE CASSAGNAC, and the Boulangist demonstration would have fallen comparatively flat. They yelled at M. LAGUERRE, and squalled at M. DE CASSAGNAC. There were interruptions, there was bawling and counter-bawling, there was even fear of personal encounters. If France were not the most conservative country in the world, these fears ought surely to have been forgotten long ago. French Deputies have clawed at one another, have howled, stamped, and foamed for a hundred years, and all the blood they have shed in these battles might be put in a wine-glass and covered with a gooseberry leaf. A scene of this kind only serves to draw attention, and so the Deputies might have learnt, if they were capable of learning anything. As it is, the majority, by its absurd violence, has only made M. LAGUERRE more conspicuous than he need have been. His question whether the Ministry mean to hurry up the preliminary inquiry into the charges against the General was unquestionably irregular and might, if it had been quietly quashed, have attracted comparatively little notice. Thanks to the nerves of the majority, it will be heard all over France. And, however irregular it may be, there is a good deal in that question. The Senate's Committee has now been at work for two months. It has sought in every direction for evidence against the General. As yet, however, it has made no sign. If after this inquiries are made whether its silence is not due to the fact that it has discovered nothing, nobody need be surprised. Neither is it strange that the prolongation of the inquiry should be described as an electioneering manoeuvre, and the majority will be very wise to bethink itself whether the charge will not be believed. The election for Paris ought to have shown it how little it had understood the extent of the popular liking for the General. It will not save itself from another such surprise on a larger scale next October by small clevernesses, still less by mere howling.

Among us the General's enemies are at work helping him on. In the first pages of the *New Review*—the last comer among magazines—will be found two articles on him; one by his supporter, M. NAQUET, who is quite in his place, and one by M. CAMILLE PELLETAN, a Parliamentary radical who has gone out of his way to puff his enemy. The articles are well worth reading by anybody who wishes to understand French politics. Coming from very different quarters as they do, they yet agree in two respects very closely. M. NAQUET and M. PELLETAN both argue that Government is hopelessly divided and discredited in France, and they are equally at one in "paying themselves with words." M. NAQUET believes that the General will save France because he "represents to-day the idea of revision" and of the foundation of the only Government which "can flourish among us, a representative Republic based on the referendum." M. PELLETAN is certain the General will not ruin his country, because "at the critical hour which shall decide her fate France will awake to the knowledge of her truer self." The first gentleman does not explain what the "idea of revision" may be, or how a Government can be "based on a referendum." To judge from the meaning of the words, we can only suppose

he thinks it possible to conduct a Government of which the first principles are being incessantly called into question. M. PELLETAN gives the measure of his sagacity, and that of his party, by naively confessing that, at the time of the scandal of the Duc d'AUMALE's letters, the General was "more particularly" their friend, and they could not desert him, but they thought him ruined. In other words, the Radicals had no reluctance to touch pitch. They were amazed, however, at the consequences. M. PELLETAN describes the spread of the General's amazing popularity with vigour, and maintains, fairly enough, that General BOULANGER is a mere sign of widespread "Boulangism"—by which he means discontent, disgust, and fatigue. The Third Republic, he confesses, has become intensely unpopular, and the General is an accident. Perhaps so; but in that case it is of little use to drive him over to London. Boulangism remains to be dealt with at the general election in October; and M. PELLETAN has obviously very little confidence that it will be dealt with successfully.

TWO LIBERAL-UNIONIST SPEECHES.

LIBERAL-UNIONISM still continues to disguise the fact, reported so often and on such excellent Gladstonian authority, of its decease. Its simulations of vitality appear, indeed, to become more persistent and successful as time goes on, and really sometimes when we compare its movements and utterances with those of Gladstonianism, which affirms itself, not only to be alive, but growing daily in vigour and stature, we might almost fancy that the living are naturally less lively than the dead. We do not, for instance, often come across, in the same impression of our morning papers, a couple of Gladstonian speeches as brisk and buoyant in mere tone, to say nothing of their argumentative spirit and alertness, as those delivered on last Wednesday by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. The former dwelt much, as he has a disagreeable habit of doing, on the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy is absolutely unknown except by negations, and that, beyond the fact that it is no longer identified with a certain exposed and extinct legislative abortion, no proposition is capable of being made—even if this is safely so capable—with respect to it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opponents are very tired of hearing him say this, but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself seems indisposed to show the slightest consideration for their weariness. He not only fatigues them by pointing out how little we know about the Home Rule scheme which Mr. GLADSTONE is now prepared to advocate for Ireland, but he bores them still further by reminding them how much we know of the Home Rule scheme which Mr. PARNELL and his followers demand, and with which alone they will be content. And he puts the finishing touch to their disgust by showing them how very improbable it seems that Mr. GLADSTONE's substituted Home Rule policy, whenever it shall see the light, will be sufficiently unlike the Home Rule Bill of 1886 to satisfy the Parliamentary and electoral majority which so decisively condemned that measure, and at the same time sufficiently like it to be accepted by the Irish party as an adequate consideration for the sale of their vote to Mr. GLADSTONE. We almost wonder that Gladstonians do not endeavour, as a mere measure of relief against the discomfort of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's pertinacity, to persuade their leader to show his hand.

They must have seen, too, with uneasiness, that Mr. GOSCHEN appears to be developing a taste for the same—well, let us say "adjectival"—iteration as that to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has so long been addicted. In his animated and animating speech as the guest of the Liberal-Union Club, he suggested that Mr. GLADSTONE should take the occasion of his forthcoming "rhetorical tour through South-west England to place before the country, after two or three years' interval, the position which Home Rule has now assumed in his mind." He has, as the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER points out, had many opportunities for "forming a judgment upon the question as to what this country will stand and what it will not stand, and other excellent opportunities—partly, for instance, from the declarations of Parnellite leaders before the Commission—of what they avow and what they disavow, to form some important conclusions as to the future." We do not in the least suspect Mr. GOSCHEN of any ironical intention in making this suggestion. No doubt it was made in perfect good faith, and with a sincere desire to substitute another "campaign of argument" for that "campaign of

"invective" of which Mr. GOSCHEN, and with reason, declares himself to be so tired. But, though its intention may not have been ironical, its effect is that of the purest and keenest irony. For there can be no sort of doubt that, although Mr. GLADSTONE has certainly had the opportunities which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER describes of learning, on the one hand, what the English people will stand, and, on the other hand, what the Parnellites will take, his inquiries into these two subjects, and his comparison of the results thereof, have not enabled him to act, but, on the contrary, absolutely preclude him from acting, on Mr. GOSCHEN's recommendation. In fact, the more Mr. GLADSTONE learns, both as to the maximum of probable English concession and as to the minimum of ascertained Irish demands, the more convinced he will become that the two can never be brought into true coincidence; and that, since his Irish "policy" therefore must consist of another bogus scheme of pretended reconciliation of irreconcilables, the longer he keeps it to himself the better his chance of foisting it on the country at last.

LORD HERSHELL ON CONVERSION AND COERCION.

IN selecting Lord HERSHELL for the honour of an invitation in the capacity of principal guest the other night, the Eighty Club made a choice of which only levity, not to say flippancy, could disapprove. By doing so they assured themselves of passing, and did in fact pass, a decorous and instructive, though not a lively, evening. Lord HERSHELL is a thoroughly conscientious speaker on political topics; he has always mastered his case and does his duty by it; and if, after all is over, the imagination of an imaginative hearer is filled with a dim, but haunting, vision of a gentleman thrusting a stout bundle of papers into a blue bag, it would be most unjust on his part to throw the responsibility for his wayward fancy upon Lord HERSHELL. At the same time his speech of last Thursday night must be admitted to have been more than usually suggestive of this impression. The argument addressed to the Court—or rather the Club—was very well and carefully reasoned, and the only objection to it—no doubt a fanciful one—was its air of being founded upon a series of propositions handed to the advocate on a slip of paper by somebody else, which might, or might not, in his private opinion, correspond to any realities to be found within the limits of the world of fact. This effect, too, was sensibly increased by the academic character of one of its opening strokes of dialectic which the author evidently regarded with some pride—a supposed *reductio ad absurdum* of the assumed argument of an adversary. Gladstonians, he said, were accused of having accepted their present policy in defiance of Liberal principles and at the instigation of a single man, and it was argued on this ground alone, he complained, that the seceding Liberals must be the inheritors of true Liberalism, and the Gladstonians its "bastard sons." Lord HERSHELL then proceeded to put his refutation of that contention in what he called a "syllogistic form." The Liberal party were once opposed to Home Rule; at the instance of their leader, they began to advocate it; therefore, Home Rule is unsound. But the Conservative party opposed with might and main the policy of Free-trade, and, "at the instance, or rather "at the dictation, of their leader, the majority" (read minority) "of that party turned round and carried Free-trade" (insert "with the assistance of their political opponents"), "in spite of the protests of the minority" (read majority); "therefore, Free-trade was an economical heresy." Which is absurd. Therefore, &c.

The little historical mistake which we have taken the liberty of parenthetically correcting is not without its effect on Lord HERSHELL's argument. For, though it has, of course, nothing to say to the question on which side true Liberalism, objectively considered, is to be found, it has no unimportant bearing on the question of subjective fidelity to Liberal beliefs. The sudden right-about-face of a majority, that is to say, is proportionately more difficult than the same evolution on the part of a comparatively small minority to reconcile with the theory of a *bona fide* conversion. That, however, by the way. At present we are only dealing with Lord HERSHELL's argument to prove that Home Rule need not be an heretical creed to be embraced by Liberal politicians, any more than Free-trade was an heretical creed to be embraced by Conservative economists.

And we at once magnanimously add that Lord HERSHELL has completely overthrown, demolished, shattered, and triturated to an exquisite minuteness anybody who ever maintained the contrary proposition. Only we do not know anybody who does, and we never have known anybody who did. Lord HERSHELL altogether mistakes the position of his critics, whether Conservatives or Liberal-Unionists. They do not contend that Home Rule is unsound *because* Liberals, after having so long and so uniformly maintained its unsoundness, suddenly turned round and professed to believe it sound. The question of its soundness or unsoundness depends upon the inherent value of the arguments whereby the Liberals, as a party, upheld the theory of its unsoundness, as compared with the inherent value of the arguments whereby the Gladstonian Liberals now uphold the theory of its soundness. And it is because the former arguments bring down their scale "with a run," while the scale containing the latter arguments kicks the beam—it is for this and for another reason that the Unionists declare Home Rule to be a heresy. It is true they go on further to argue that the disproportion in weight is so enormous that the men who profess not to find it on the other side are—well, let us say, Salvationists; but that is another side of the matter altogether. It has to do with the question, not of the orthodoxy of a political creed, but of the honesty of political professions. Home Rule might be sound, and yet the bulk of the Gladstonians might have adopted this policy without any pretence to a reasoned belief in its soundness. On the other hand, it might be unsound, and yet be held by these politicians with a *bona fide* conviction that it was sound. That all Unionists categorically affirm the first clause of the latter sentence, and that most Unionists, we fear, feel compelled also to affirm the second clause of the former sentence, are facts which, although both true, have no connexion whatever with each other, and Lord HERSHELL's "syllogism" owes whatever plausibility it possesses to his industriously mixing up the two.

In his treatment of the question of "coercion" in Ireland he is open, we are afraid, to a rather more serious charge than of merely dealing in logical sophisms. The meaning of "coercion," he says, "he takes to be a special repressive law other than the law of the land, and when he used it "he meant that and nothing more." But how much is "that and nothing more"? What does Lord HERSHELL mean by a "special repressive law other than the law of the land"? Does he mean "a law which acts repressively by imposing penalties upon acts which, "by the existing law of the land, had been lawful"? Or does he merely mean "a law which provides new modes of procedure for reaching the perpetrators of "acts unlawful already, but which had hitherto escaped "punishment"? If the former, we are brought back to the dispute—if dispute it is worthy to be called—as to whether the Crimes Act does or does not "create "new offences," and we should regret to find Lord HERSHELL definitely committing himself to a side in which we believe that every sound lawyer, not being a political partisan, in the Kingdom will be found against him. If, on the other hand, Lord HERSHELL only meant that new modes of procedure have been introduced by the Crimes Act, and in particular that jurisdiction has been in certain cases withdrawn from juries, we are at a hopeless loss, we confess, to understand how Lord HERSHELL distinguishes the case of the authors of the Crimes Act of 1882 from that of the authors of the Crimes Act of 1887. "It might be said," he admitted, "that they"—Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues—"had done precisely the same thing, and had created just such tribunals" as those of the resident magistrates of which he had just been complaining. "Of this he disputed the accuracy altogether. They certainly entrusted powers "to such tribunals, but they were compelled to do so "for want of any better tribunal." This is, indeed, a hard saying and a dark. In what way did the position of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government differ from that of Lord SALISBURY's in respect of the matter referred to? Why were they compelled to select the tribunals they did select "for want of a better"? And if they were so compelled, why were not Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues under precisely the same compulsion? Perhaps Lord HERSHELL will kindly explain.

BIMETALLISM.

WHEN a man is in what the medicine-men, in their allegorical way, call "below par," he is (unless he is more wise than SOLON, more stoical than EPICETUS) commonly found to believe in what we may describe as mechanical dodges. He thinks that, if he does not take this and does take that, it will be well with him. He looks to his getting up and also to his lying down. When the bones of his legs are made like unto putty and shivers run up his spine, when St. George's Hospital and the Duke's Monument waltz savagely round him and hansom cabs are a terror, he dismally wonders whether it was the cheese. He takes awesome things covered with silvered paper, and fidgets with his diet as if it were a Chinese puzzle. What the poor wretch wants is a month of leisure, of distance from London (which is so good to leave, and so good to come back to—so good in every way), a boat, a fishing-rod, or a knapsack. Let him take the constant, and any of the others as taste may dictate, or what fourth or fifth he pleases, and all is well with him. He drinks his magnum of claret with joy, and laughs at ripe Stilton—we mean he laughs when he has it to eat. The Duke's bronze image and the Hospital stand fixed by gravitation to his eye as they do in fact, and he hails a hansom. Even so (for these things are a parable) when business is bad do business men fidget about the currency, talk gloomily of the single and double standard, and send deputations to Premiers and Chancellors of the Exchequer to plead for bimetallism. What they want is a good long spell of brisk business and high prices. If they could but get these (and, alas! they are harder of attainment than a month's holiday to him who is tied by the leg to a desk, or whose balance at the banker's is low), then would they cease to care for bimetallism, and would rejoice in the appreciation of gold. Till they appear then will the debtor, whom we may in our idle metaphorical manner describe as the dyspeptic of business, vainly long for some readjustment of legal tender which will enable him to pay in the cheaper metal those debts which he contracted in the dearer. The readjustment may help him or it may not; but at any rate in it he has something to hope for, and otherwise he has not. Therefore it is quite intelligible that he should long for it.

We have been led into these reflections by the deputation which descended last Thursday on the Marquess of SALISBURY and Mr. GOSCHEN. What these gentlemen want is only too obvious. They want a market in which the demand is equal to, if not in excess of, the supply. They want to clear off the obligations they have contracted in something cheaper than the currency in which they contracted them. If they do not want these boons for themselves, they want them for their clients. This may seem a brutal way of putting it; but let any man with a little faculty for weighing evidence listen to a bimetallist for a couple of hours (he will hardly escape from him in less), and he will discover that this is exactly the length and breadth of the bimetallist case. Mr. GOSCHEN begged the deputation which waited on the PREMIER and on him last Thursday to discuss the matter without imputing motives, and thereby set an example to the monometallists, who, he hinted (rightly enough), are in want of one. The advice is excellent; but, after all, when people want a thing it is to be presumed that they want it for some reason, and it is not superfluous to discover what that reason is. Now the object of the bimetallist is to obtain the power of paying his debts in either gold or silver. As a matter of theory, it may be fairly argued that the debtor's power to pay in either metal will tend to keep the market steady. Mr. H. H. GIBBS stated this part of the bimetallists' case very clearly. But it is not to keep the market steady—it is to readjust it—that a return to bimetallism is asked for. This may be called imputing motives; but, if it is not the real object of the bulk of the bimetallists, why should they trouble themselves? And this readjustment, if it is to do them any good, must do it by fixing the ratio of silver to gold a good deal higher than it has been fixed by the market. But that, in plain English, means the confiscation of a part of the creditor's property. If, on the other hand, we are to accept the ratio fixed by the market, the farmer and the debtor in general will be no better off than they were before. It is just because there is this fear of losing on one side and hope of gain on the other that all those angry feelings which the PREMIER and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER deprecate are brought into the

bimetallist controversy. Statesmen may very naturally do their best to put off discussion for ever, or at least till after the monetary Conference at Paris. The question cannot be discussed as a matter of theory. It interests everybody's pocket too closely for that, and, if any practical step is taken by Government, it must needs have a disturbing effect on the market. It may be a pity that silver has been demonetized; but what is done is done, and it must be made very clear that it can be safely undone before we begin playing with such a very keen-edged tool as changes in the currency.

AN ELECTION TO CONGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE development of the American Caucus system is worth the attention of Englishmen, for the same causes that have been and still are in operation in the younger country may be seen at work in the older. Wherever there are party organizations some system for the selection of rival candidates must obtain. How this necessary result is brought about in the instance of candidates for the Lower House of Congress we will endeavour to explain from personal experience. Each State is divided into districts according to population, and these districts embrace in the country so many counties, in turn divided into townships. In the city the district is composed of wards. In the case of a large city there are about eight wards in the district. The party organization is based upon this division, and the party organization consists of the Committee, in which usually there are two representatives from each ward, or sixteen in all. The members of this Committee are practically paramount, they have absorbed all power to themselves. They appoint the day and polling places for the primary elections, they fix the date of the Convention, they dictate the preliminary organization of that body. It is clear that all these proceedings will draw their complexion from the Committees, and it is unfortunately a well-founded belief that these are too frequently composed of unscrupulous and corrupt men. When any one desires, as the saying is, "to run for Congress" he sets about getting the support of a majority of the Committee. If he fails in this, he had better not proceed any further, however great his popularity with the masses of the people. The committee-men rarely fail to accord their favour to the party who is willing to put the most money, or, as it is popularly called, "boodle," whence by an easy derivation we have "boodler," to represent the recipient of the cash. Of course, the aspirant brings into play every influence he may exercise, social, commercial, or religious, and only falls back upon the pecuniary when these less important elements have failed him. The local "boss" generally enjoys a proud pre-eminence in these bodies, though not infrequently he prefers to exert his influence modestly from the outside.

This man is the recognized organizer of the party nominations. He is not selected for his popularity, for that is usually strictly in the negative, nor for the graces of his person or demeanour, usually conspicuous for their absence, nor for his views on political questions, which are confined to boodle and patronage. His merit lies in the fact that he is a proficient in all the foul arts of bribery, ballot-box stuffing, and electoral fraud. He is generally a saloon keeper or an ex-prizefighter, often both; but, whatever his ostensible occupation, the ear-marks of his character are those above stated. The candidate must either buy the boss with money, or the promise of offices for his friends, or else he must fight and overcome him by the superiority of his means, in common parlance, his "barrel." The barrel, if large enough, will generally buy or "down" the boss. Having thus secured a majority of the committee, the candidate gets them to appoint the day of the primary election, the polling places, and the judges and clerks of election. These, of course, are all selected in the interest of the favourite. There is a very prevalent feeling in all the great cities that it is better to have the judges of election than to have the vote. But now the candidate must bestir himself. Unlike Mr. Veneering and his friends, only in his vehicle, he and his supporters get into buggies, and rush about, but they are far from doing nothing; they stop at every grog-shop, beer-saloon, or public-house, and there treat the assembled thirsty souls. It would be a reprehensible breach of etiquette for the treator to ask for any change, so he must provide himself with coins, or bills of moderate dimensions, and pay only about four or five times the real value of the treat.

In the meantime his office and his residence are invaded from morn till dewy eve by a miscellaneous crowd of all nations and colours, who are known by the genteel terms of "bummers," "heelers," and "strikers," terms importing slightly different functions, which it were useless to particularize. They all agree in this, that they are as insatiable as the daughter of the horse-leech in their cry for "boodle." Some represent a new paper that has just been started and whose influence would be beneficial; others have subscription-lists for churches, hospitals, suffering objects of charity, oppressed nationalities, foreign patriots in distress at home or abroad. At this time fairs are held in churches of all denominations. The candidate must take a large bundle of tickets at one dollar each. Above all, he must visit the fair, buy lavishly of beer, bijouterie, and virtue, be introduced to the

cousins, sisters, and aunts of the aforesaid bummers, heelers, and strikers, and dance with those whose relatives have the most influence. Then he must distribute considerable money amongst his friends, to enable them by their votes at twenty-five cents each to award to him the gold-headed cane which is to be the prize of the most popular candidate. He must provide gorgeous red, yellow, and blue shirts, helmets, and trappings for the Ward Clubs, who organize in his honour, and eagerly contest for the glory of bearing his name. He must pay for the erection of a stand in front of every corner-grocery of any importance; he must provide a brass band, torches, and fireworks for the Clubs who escort him to the meeting. His emissaries must, meanwhile, keep up an uninterrupted course of treating, whilst he gracefully advances and makes his little speech. Finally, he must have thousands of tickets printed containing the names of the delegates who, if elected at the primaries, will support him in the Convention. If there are two candidates or more, the expense of these tickets, as also all the moneys paid out to judges, clerks, &c., are equally apportioned between them. But on the day of the primary each candidate supplies carriages, waggons, bands, &c., according to the length of his purse or his powers of resisting pressure; whilst all of the active "workers" of the ward will expect him to pay them five dollars each for acting as his strikers at the polls. If he fails to do this, the other side probably will take their offer. On the day of the primary election those men who are the most honest, relatively, are freely supplied with money; and, standing close to the polls, they intercept the needy voter, and, where argument and liquor are alike useless, finally purchase him outright. In the meantime the judges and clerks within a little room are receiving the votes through an aperture in the window, and depositing them in a candle-box, which is ostentatiously sealed, with the exception of a narrow slit in the top. They are so active in exercising this function that not infrequently there have been found, on the final tally, quite twice as many ballots as there are registered voters in the wards. Finally, the eventful day is over, and the candidate and his friends betake themselves to some spot where they can get telegraphic reports sent from the police-stations of the various precincts. On the day following the delegates from the various wards meet at a hall appointed by the Committee, which, out of a curious solicitude for their comfort as well as for good order, is invariably located over a saloon (a drinking-shop). The Committee, by previous arrangement, have appointed the temporary chairman, secretary, &c. The chairman appoints the Committee on Credentials, whose duty it is to investigate any complaints between contesting delegations. This the Committee on Credentials promptly effect by awarding the seats to their friends; whilst the defeated delegates sally forth, amidst hisses, catcalls, and occasionally blows. The Convention next organizes—that is, it proceeds to the election of a permanent chairman, secretary, &c. If there are two or more candidates for the nomination, it is here that the grand battle takes place, as those who are numerous enough to elect these officers will, of course, have sufficient votes to carry through their favourite.

The candidates are now placed in nomination, and duly seconded, when the voting begins. Sometimes the Convention will have previously adopted a rule requiring a vote of two-thirds of the delegates to effect a nomination; and in this case it will often happen that no one is able to secure the requisite majority. The Convention is then said to be at a "dead-lock"; and here it is that the direct purchase of votes frequently occurs. Or, again, a combination may be brought about in favour of some new man, who has not hitherto been a candidate; and, in the excitement, he may receive the nomination, to the general surprise of the public. Such a one is called "a dark horse." It was thus that Mr. Garfield was chosen as the Republican candidate for President in 1880, although he was himself a delegate to the Convention in the interest of Mr. Sherman—of whose friends, indeed, he was recognized as the leader.

When the nomination is made, the successful man is waited upon by a Committee, and escorted to the Convention, where he accepts the honour in terms more or less fitting. His competitors also usually accept the inevitable gracefully, and loudly assert their fealty to the party and pledge their support to its choice. If any member of the party should refuse to recognize its selection of a candidate, he is vigorously stigmatized as a "bolter," a "kicker," and a "mugwump," and is "read out of the party," which sentence is equivalent to a declaration of ostracism as regards future political office or honours. There are few men who have the courage to take such a course, even where the proceedings of the Convention have been marked by notorious corruption and profligacy. Indeed, the professional politician looks upon the whole matter as a game, where every "gentleman" is at liberty to cheat, and where the cleverest trickster is justly entitled to the stakes, to which it would be dishonourable to dispute his right. When the nomination has thus been made, the delegates from each ward or county, acting separately, proceed to elect the new Congressional Committee, which, however, is often composed, in whole or in part, of the old members. It will be perceived that we move in a circle; the Committee selects the Convention, and the Convention elects the Committee. The first duty of the new Committee is to proceed to organize for the campaign; for it will be borne in mind that we have been describing, so far, merely the preliminary steps by which each party gets its standard-bearer afield. Heretofore the fight has been in the bosom of either

party; now they are ready to do battle with each other. The nominations are made at periods varying from two months to two weeks prior to the day of election, which takes place on the first Tuesday in November of every second year. Whilst the candidates for Congress are thus brought forward, other Committees and Conventions are making nominations for various State and county officers, ranging from governor down to constables. The tickets of each party will thus contain from twenty to forty names to be voted on. The shape and size of these tickets are regulated by law, but they are printed and placed at the polling-places by the Committees, who, it may be noted, receive no legal recognition from the State, the theory being that every voter writes out his own ticket or has it printed. Under the pretext of printing these tickets, and distributing them at the polls, the Committee levies an assessment on every candidate whose name is to be placed on the ticket; this assessment is commonly gauged by the means of the aspirants to office, and the prospective emoluments thereof. In the case of congress-men in cities, it may vary from five thousand to one thousand dollars. As all the large cities have laws requiring voters to register at a certain period prior to the election, the expense of this registration must also be borne by the candidates, together with the fees and other outlay attendant upon the large naturalization of foreigners which occurs on these occasions. In this manner large sums of money are raised entirely under the control of the committee-men, who are absolutely without check upon their expenditure. It is vehemently asserted that much of this boodle serves to support the committee-men during the tedious interval between elections. Some of it is judiciously expended in hiring people to register from two or more different localities, thus enabling them to vote several times. Such active patriots are known as "repeaters." On account of the slight differentiation of feature which the negro presents to the white man's eye, this species of fraud is, in his case, very difficult of detection. Fraudulent naturalization of foreigners, who have not resided in the country the requisite period to entitle them to vote, is also very common. All that has already been said in relation to the canvass for the primary election applies with additional force to the general election, recognized by law. It may be added that the ballot is secret only in name, for it may easily be seen how every one votes. Ample latitude is thus allowed for the intimidation of employés by their masters, as also for ensuring that those who have been bribed shall comply with their contract. In a close district where a serious contest is made, a candidate may readily expend from ten to twenty thousand dollars. As his salary for the two years of his term of office aggregates only eleven thousand, it will be seen that the honour is more highly esteemed than the legitimate profit.

What has been written applies principally to the city districts, although of late years the honest farmer has been gravely suspected of falling into the devious ways of his urban brethren. There are not wanting indications that the rapid growth of electoral corruption is working out its own remedy. The honest portion of the community—and it is by far the great majority—are loudly calling for reform. Some of the States have already adopted what is called the "Australian system," and in nearly all its enactment into law is now pending. Lovers of good government in America take courage when they contemplate the methods which prevailed in the Eatonswill boroughs of England, and contrast the great reforms that have been effected there by the "Corrupt Practices Law." It will require an arduous and a long struggle to overcome the rapacity of the few and the indifference of the many; but the Reform Societies, which now exist in every large centre, inspire the hope that a remedy will be found for an evil which assails the very foundations of the Republic. The general recognition of the malady is an earnest of its extirpation.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—THE LEAF-INSECT.

AT the last meeting of the Zoological Society for scientific business, Mr. Selater called attention to a specimen of a leaf-insect, living in the Society's Insect-house, which had been received from the Seychelles, and presented by Lord Walsingham. He described it as not quite fully developed, but believed it to be referable to *Phyllium gelonius*, Gray. This is an extremely interesting addition to the Society's collection, and will doubtless, as its presence becomes known, induce many persons to pay a visit to the Insect-house.

The leaf-insects, of which but few species are known, belong to the same family (Phasimidae) as the stick-insects, and both are marvellous illustrations of mimicry in nature. They are all of them nocturnal in their habits, and spend their days resting on trees and bushes, the leaves of which form their food, and their resemblance respectively to the leaves and twigs is so extraordinary that it is not surprising that they escape the observation of their enemies. The leaf-insects are most singular; the head and part of the thorax form a stalk, while the abdomen, which is flat, thin, and much dilated, exactly resembles a leaf. The legs, which are six in number, have broad membranous appendages on the thighs, and these are especially noticeable on the fore-legs; the result being that the creature, while resting immovably, has the appearance of a leaf which has been gnawed on both sides by a caterpillar. In the insect at the Zoo this resemblance is most

exact, and the illusion is heightened by the colouring, which makes it appear slightly withered at the edges.

It is the habit of the insect to hang back downwards, with the abdomen slightly curled up, and, to quote Mr. Murray, "this habit brings to light another beautiful contrivance for still further heightening its resemblance to a leaf. The upper surface is opaque green, the under surface glossy glittering green, just the reverse of the myrtle or guava leaf, so that, by reversing its position, it brings the glossy side up and the dull side down." The eggs of the Phasimidae, which are few in number, are large, and covered with a horny shell, at the end of which there is a distinct operculum, and are deposited singly. The insect attains a considerable amount of development before emerging. Mr. Murray tells us that, "after having reached the form of a six-legged, jointed insect, it emerges from the egg by pushing off the lid. It comes out middle foremost—that is, its head and tail are packed downwards so as to meet each other. The back between these first appears, and they are drawn out next; the legs are extricated last. The colour of the insect at this stage is a reddish-yellow, something of the hue of a half-dried beech-leaf; for it is to be observed that, although the colour of the insect varies at different periods of its life, it always more or less resembles a leaf at some stage. When it has once settled to eat the leaves on which it is placed, the body speedily becomes bright green."

The leaf-insect at the Zoo is confined in a glass case in the Insect-house facing the door, and is supplied with a small orange tree on which to rest; the orange is, however, not one of its food-plants, as it refuses to eat the leaves. On its first arrival considerable difficulty was experienced, as the proper plant on which to feed it was unknown, and though many experiments were made they were unsuccessful, as the insect refused everything that was offered to it. At length, however, a dry leaf, discovered in the box in which it arrived, was referred to the authorities at Kew Gardens, who solved the mystery, and it is now supplied with its proper food, and, we believe, feeds well.

Specimens of the leaf-insect are not uncommon in collections; but, after death, the green colour is lost, and the whole insect acquires a yellowish-brown tint, much the colour of a dry leaf. Living specimens, however, are by no means common, and we believe the present species to be even less common than *Phyllium siccifolium*, of which, according to the Rev. J. G. Wood, "specimens have been hatched in England, have passed into their perfect state, and lived for some eighteen months."

THE JOURNAL DES DÉBATS.

OF all the knights who serve our sovereign lady the Press very few—not so many as the fingers of one hand—have served her longer, and none have served her with more distinction, than the *Journal des Débats*. During a few years it was compelled, by the tyranny of the First Napoleon, to disguise itself under the name of the *Journal de l'Empire*; but, with the exception of this period of eclipse (it was an eclipse, and not an extinction), it has now lived and fought for exactly one hundred years. To have merely lasted for so long is of itself a distinction. The *Débats*, though it was for a time distinctly a Government paper, has never been a mere salaried gazette. It has lived on its own resources, and even in the days when it supported Louis Philippe could be abundantly independent. Good management, which secured and renewed a brilliant staff, and then the ability of the writers, have been its resources. If it has ever received support, at least it is believed never to have received wages; and, when the character of a paper is in question, general belief is very good evidence. Of the ability with which it has been written there never has been any doubt. Chateaubriand wrote for it under the Restoration, M. Thiers contributed to it during the crisis called the 16th May, M. M. Renan, Taine, and Jules Simon are writing for it to-day. Jules Janin did the dramatic criticism for years, to be followed by J. J. Weiss and Jules Lemaitre. Hector Berlioz was musical critic for twenty years. Indeed, the list of its contributors is of extraordinary length and brilliancy. Benjamin Constant, Saint-Marc Girardin, Littré, Prévost Paradol, and many others equally, or only a little less, famous appear in the copious list of contributors prepared by M. F. Drujon. It was natural enough that the *Débats* should decide to set up a record of its progress thus far, and it was very French that it should decide to do so in the form of a handsome book. An English paper would have been content to publish a facsimile of its first number, which may be the more modest course. At the sight, however, of this fine volume, well printed, well illustrated, and written by some of the first writers in France, we are glad that all the world is not equally modest. If there are many papers in Europe which can produce a centenary volume containing contributions by writers of the standing of Renan, Jules Simon, H. Taine, J. J. Weiss, John Lemoine, and the Duc d'Aumale, let them do so without blame. *Le Livre du centenaire du Journal des Débats* is composed of purely historical papers on the growth or policy of the paper, interspersed with biographical or critical essays by the best men of to-day on the more famous of the men who worked for the paper during the last three generations. Then comes a conclusion of miscellaneous papers, ranging from "Souvenirs Historiques: Fragments des Mémoires d'un Correspondant du *Journal des Débats*," by M. H. C. Montferrier, to "Les diverses modifications de Format et de Texte," par M. Georges Michel."

t is illustrated by portraits and facsimiles, including even a double-sh et family group of the "Salle de Rédaction du *Journal des Débats* en 1889," wherein are to be seen all the contributors ranged with artful simplicity round M. Renan, who is looking at M. Jules Lemaitre, who is listening to M. J. J. Weiss, while M. Taine, in the right-hand corner, is being sternly eyed by M. Paul Bourget, who apparently waits to see the effect made on him by some remarks of the Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé. It is a goodly company.

The *Débats*, like the press itself, began as a news-letter. It was founded in the year of the meeting of the States-General by one Gaultier de Biauzat, an advocate at the Bar of Clermont, in Auvergne, and deputy for the province. His intention was only to supply his constituents with an account of the debates. At first he gave it in the pure news-letter form—in manuscript. Very soon he found that the popularity of his reports was so great that this primitive method of production was not sufficient. Before the end of the year he entered into a contract with Baudouin, printer to the Assembly. By the terms of the contract Baudouin undertook to bear all the expense and to supply one copy gratis to every town and commune in Auvergne which should ask for one. He was to recoup himself by the sale of copies in Paris, Versailles, and all the provinces of France except Auvergne. Gaultier de Biauzat supplied the text, which was pure report, not verbatim, but summary, such as several English papers give still in addition to the shorthand report. The first number, an octavo sheet rather larger than a reasonable sized man's hand, appeared on the 29th of August, 1789. The title was then the *Journal des Débats et des Décrets*. It has to report that the Assembly was inquiring "What the influence of the royal authority on legislation shall be?"—a very appropriate beginning, for that, under one form or another, is what all French Assemblies have been discussing ever since. From 1789 till 1800 the paper remained what De Biauzat had made it—a mere collection of reports. De Biauzat himself left it, and it passed through various hands, those of Louvet—the Louvet—among others. In 1800 it became the property of the men who were to raise it from obscurity to the first place among French papers. These were the two brothers Bertin l'Aîné and Bertin de Veaux, of whom there is an account given by M. Léon Say. The Bertins were not inexperienced in the management of papers. They had already owned a paper called the *Éclair*, which had attained considerable success. From M. Say's account we can make out that Bertin l'Aîné at least swam not a little in the pool of Agio. He was accused of sharing in certain Stock Exchange speculations in England, and it is not to be denied that a forged copy of the *Éclair* was used to promote a swindle on the London Exchange. The brothers were of the *haute bourgeoisie*, men of good connexions, Royalists, but not Legitimists. They gave the paper the tone it has kept with certain modifications ever since. It was under them, it is to-day, the organ of those well-educated Frenchmen who have for their political ideal a Government which shall be Liberal, Parliamentary, capable, stable; they were the true descendants of the *politiques*, the men who wrote the *Satyre Ménippée*, who are prepared to support any Government which seems likely to give them what they want—who are for ever defeated in French politics, and yet are as a party destined not to die. We may note that from the first the *Débats* watched English affairs, and could spell English. The facsimile of the first number in the quarto form, given it by the Bertins, contains correspondence from London, dated 8 Janvier (18 Nivose) and giving a notice of the meeting of the first Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland. In it are mentioned "Sir Thomas Trowbridge," Lord Bridport (who complains that he had to pay five shillings postage on a letter), Lord Nelson, who is at Palermo, and Sir Edward Pellew, who has just sailed from Falmouth to cruise on the coast of France. The Bertins had not had business relations with England and had not toiled at translating English novels for nothing. From the 3 Pluviose in the year VIII. (23rd of January, 1800) till the death of M. Edouard Bertin in 1873, the paper remained under the control of the family, who certainly showed a remarkable hereditary faculty for editing. It had many fortunes. Napoleon treated the Bertins in his own inimitable manner—a mixture of brutality and ineffable meanness. He first bullied and then robbed them. But they lived to triumph over him. After Waterloo they came finally back into possession of their own property, and from that day continued to be captains of their own ship. Armand Bertin succeeded the brothers, and Edouard succeeded him. Of the three generations the second was, if not the most able, the most editorial. Bertin l'Aîné and Bertin de Veaux were writers. Edouard Bertin, though he gave up the brush when he inherited the editorial chair, was a painter. But Armand Bertin, who came between them, was an editor pure and simple. He did not write, but he chose, controlled, and inspired the men who did. He lived for and by his paper, and all but lived in his office. Perhaps that is the reason why the years of his rule—1841 to 1854—were those in which the *Débats* was most influential. The various stages of the paper's history after 1815 are told by MM. Jules Simon and Jules Dietz for the Restoration, and the fight against the Villèle and Polignac Ministries, by M. Picot for the reign of Louis Philippe, by M. Renan for the Second Empire, by M. Molinari for the War and the Commune, and by M. Francis Charmes for the Third Republic. In all the paper played a part which was not always equally effective, but was never wanting in distinction. All these contributors, except the first, write of things within their memory, and have some-

thing to add to what is known about men and times worth knowing. M. Francis Charmes, in his lively paper, has for instance an excellent story to tell about M. Thiers. The veteran inspired the *Débats* during the "campaign against the 16th May." Not only that, but in a moment of benevolence he promised to show the young men of the paper how to write a short and telling article. M. Francis Charmes called for the copy at eight in the morning, according to agreement. He found the article written, and M. Thiers up, but embarrassed. The short and pithy article had, in fact, run to an inordinate length. It and one or two which followed from the same hand were the longest the *Débats* printed at the time—in spite of editing which, M. Charmes adds, the great statesman was old journalist enough to bear like a lamb.

It would be interesting to compare this varied and sprightly volume with any conceivable history of an English paper. Whatever we have of that kind is of a crushing dullness, consisting to a large extent of talk about unprecedented circulations and wondrous printing-machines—things in themselves about as picturesque as the fluctuations of the jute market. We are afraid that the difference is inevitable, partly because our press is anonymous, and partly because we are deficient in the neat anecdotal and biographical turn of the French. But there is a better reason than either of these for the comparative dullness of English press history. When Sainte-Beuve was dissecting Prévost Paradol one Monday he rebuked that famous *rédacteur* of the *Débats* for his wrath against the Emperor's treatment of the press. It was, said Sainte-Beuve, that very policy of repression and jealousy which gave Prévost Paradol his chance. If he had been free to speak out, he could never have won his reputation as a master in the art of saying something annoying and forbidden while he was apparently saying something perfectly legal and harmless. Here Sainte-Beuve, as his manner was, put his finger on the real reason for the picturesque character of French press history. It is precisely because papers have had to be written in danger that the journalists have had such immense fun in France. What English journalist since Junius has had the joy of sticking crackers into a Government which would dearly like to clap him into Newgate? Which of us has had the excitement of insulting a Commune as M. John Lemoine did? These joys are not for us yet in this orderly country, though at the rate the County Council is going we may reach that happy condition, and then the *Saturday Review* will have its chance. The French press should be grateful for the blessings of the past, and prepared to welcome them when in due course they come back.

WORK FOR THE SELBORNE SOCIETY.

THE Selborne Society, which has taken upon itself the mission of protecting our beautiful and useful birds, and whose influence is rapidly extending from town to town and from village to village throughout our islands, must extend its operations to the Continent, and especially to France, if it wishes to preserve to us one of the most acceptable of our summer visitors, the swallow. The Zoological Society of France has warned the Government that swallows are disappearing from the country in consequence of their destruction, on their arrival from Africa, by electrical machines connected to wires on which the poor fatigued birds rest, and by which they are struck dead in hundreds. This is done on behalf of the milliners and the women who patronize them, as even a French cook cannot reduce the tough bodies of these beautiful birds to a palatable form. It is stated in the petition that this slaughter has been going on for years, and that some places where swallows were numerous are now deserted, which must be much to the disadvantage of the agriculturist as well as the lovers of nature. We in England suffer also from this destruction of swallows on their homeward flight through France. They are our birds, because it is a maxim among ornithologists that where birds build their nests there is their home. We fear there is no remedy for this sad condition of things but to "peg away" at the women who encourage the fashion of wearing bird-skins, and, if their hearts are too hard to be touched, to try to make them ridiculous. How different is this welcome of the swallows from that of the little Rhodian children two thousand years ago!—

She comes, she comes who loves to bear
Soft sunny hours and seasons fair;
The swallow hither comes to rest
Her sable wing and snowy breast.

But the Selborne Society has pleasant as well as disagreeable duties to perform, especially at this time of the year. In addition to the protection of birds the Society encourages the preservation of plants, shrubs, and trees, the study of natural history, the preservation of buildings of interest, and the beautifying of spots that attention might render charming to the eye, pleasant and reposeful to the wayfarer. While in old times almost every village had its green, and its seat where the aged men and women loved to spend the evening hour, watching the children at their games, and where many a little rustic courtship was carried on, now how few such pleasant places are to be found! Many years ago, in a pretty village in one of the midland counties, a kind man beautified the village green by erecting a very pretty little well, and placing a broad seat under a magnificent spreading tree close beside it. Such are the acts that the Society would

fain encourage. How many a strip of waste ground might be rendered charming if a few honeysuckles and sweetbriars were planted in the hedgerow, or primrose roots and those of other spring flowers. Then, perhaps, one of the other objects of the Society would come into play, and the cottagers might be taught that, if the flowers are ruthlessly torn up, the beauty of the country must disappear. It must take time for people to learn how cruel and reckless it is to shoot rare birds that visit these shores. How often are kingly herons to be seen slaughtered and hanging in poulterer's or fishmonger's shops, to say nothing of countless other birds, useless for food! Even in that delightful book, White's *History of Selborne*, references are often made to rare specimens being shot. This, however, was for scientific objects; whereas too often, nowadays, these birds are killed merely from idleness. Ornithology and botany are more studied among the poorer classes than many people are aware of. In most villages there lives a humble naturalist who has managed to learn something of its natural history. Often butterflies and insects are carefully arranged and classified. In Scotland there is many a peasant who has an intimate knowledge of the ferns of his neighbourhood. In Perthshire two brothers, walking postmen, have formed extensive and interesting collections of all the plants and insects of the country round their humble dwelling.

The Selborne Society desires to encourage those who hear of singular facts in natural history or in the world of leaf and flower to communicate them to the Magazine. When the eye and the mind are on the alert to observe, it is singular how many facts worthy of note come under notice. It is not every day, however, that very startling facts occur. Not long ago, for instance, a fox was literally beheaded by a train, on the railway near Hose, a place in the Belvoir Hunt, while a few weeks back a fox was killed on the lawn close to the castle. In the woods surrounding Belvoir scarlet Indian rhododendrons were seen peeping through the snow about the same time, while myriads of violets, oxlips, and heather were concealed beneath it. In the autumn suddenly a multitude of small red mice appeared and devoured a great part of a large bank of periwinkles. No one in the neighbourhood was able to ascertain where these unwelcome strangers had come from.

They were attacked, and it is hoped routed with loss, for they disappeared as suddenly as they came. Such an incident would have probably been explained had it been communicated to the editor of the Magazine. The main object of the Society, however, is to spread knowledge among the people as to the real value of birds to the gardener and agriculturist. It also aims at increasing the joys and interests of country life, indeed of town life. For recently much attention has been drawn to the great variety of birds in London. On March 3, in the severe frost a wood-pigeon was observed in one of the Parks close to a busy road, and the songs of thrushes and many other birds filled that pleasant part of the Park with music till the hard frost set in. For the benefit of those who possess woods or country-sides where wild flowers and ferns grow, it may be stated that practical measures have been taken by the Society to warn hawkers and others from picking the flowers or tearing up the roots. Small posters containing such warnings may be had at the office of the Society, 9 Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. It is hoped they may be the means of keeping many a primrose bank, ferny glade, and May bush in beauty; for often the blossoms are picked by those who know no better, in the belief they are wild flowers, and so belong to every one. The story of the goose with the golden eggs has probably conveyed no moral to the simple-minded people who thus indulge a taste for the beautiful.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

THE death of Mr. J. O'Connor at the early age of fifty-three will be lamented by a wide circle of friends. A true artist in every sense of the word, he disregarded that laborious concentration which most modern painters consider to be an essential element of success, and painted with equal facility in oils, water-colours, or distemper, on huge theatrical canvases or dainty little drawing-blocks. The one limitation of his many-sidedness was his choice of subjects. As with Pannini, O'Connor's speciality was architecture, or landscape containing architecture; and though sometimes the architectural element seemed to be subordinate, yet, like Wouverman's white horse, it never was altogether absent from his work. It was, indeed, to this delight which he took in the solution of difficult problems in perspective, in dealing with the complicated shadows thrown by ranges of columns or stately mulioned windows, that his success as a scene-painter was chiefly due; and his name, we venture to hope, will be remembered as one of that small band of artists who have in our own time rescued the art of scene-painting from the neglect and reproach into which it had fallen. We believe that O'Connor was among the first, if he was not the very first, of scene-painters who introduced the practice of representing a room with side walls and ceiling, instead of the old wings. Also he introduced what is now a common trick, a mixture of reality and illusion; for instance, the first of a row of plates hung on a wall would be a real one, and the rest he would paint, tapering away in perspective. The device appears a simple one when described, but its effect is singularly successful.

Of O'Connor himself, apart from his art, we shall not now speak. Those who shared the privilege of friendship with the genial soul whom we have lost will understand us when we say that to make comments upon his death for strangers to read would be a sort of impertinence; yet, while we respect the sorrow of his friends, we could not refrain from reminding them that we share it.

THE OPERA.

MR. MAPLESON is to begin the season at Her Majesty's on the evening of the day on which this journal is dated, so that the heading of the present article is still correctly in the singular, and it appears to us highly probable that, so far as the two rival houses are concerned, the singular will soon be employed again, unless the manager has liberal, wealthy, and patient supporters behind him; for his prospectus is the reverse of attractive. It is, of course, always possible that among the many singers who are announced to make their first appearance in London something brilliant may be found, but past experience in such matters has shown that there is a very wide difference between possibility and probability. Operatic audiences have no great taste for doubtful experiments; they go and hear singers when they have been assured that there are good singers to be heard. We will hope for the best, but are not sanguine as to the success of Her Majesty's. Mr. Mapleson's art in the compiling of a prospectus is a little obsolete, as is shown by his endeavour to persuade possible patrons that Bizet's *La Bella Fanciulla di Perth*, as the opera is called—Scotch and Italian go oddly together—"is pronounced by connoisseurs to equal, if not surpass, any of his other works." What connoisseur has told Mr. Mapleson that the *Bella Fanciulla* equals, if it does not surpass, *Carmen*? The strife between the two opera-houses was equal when against Mmes. Patti and Albani Mr. Mapleson could pit Mmes. Nilsson and Titiens, when there was little or nothing to choose between the rival lists of tenors and baritones, and when Sir Michael Costa conducted in the Haymarket house, with M. Sainton to lead. Now Mr. Harris has practically, if not absolutely, all the favourite singers, the subscription-list—as a glance at the names on the boxes shows—and the prestige. We should be glad to find that we were wrong, but must confess that we should hesitate to invest in Her Majesty's as a speculation under existing circumstances.

The Covent Garden performance of *Aida* was in no respect very remarkable, but may be generally summed up as satisfactory. Perhaps the best work was done by Signor D'Andrade as Amonasro in the duet of the third act, but the dramatic situation here is so fine, and the music so rich in force and expression, that a baritone of any real capacity can scarcely fail to make an effect. The Ethiopian monarch whom Signor D'Andrade represents is perhaps somewhat too smooth and civilized; we fancy that *Aida's* warrior father must have been a more rugged king than this, but that is a detail of no very great importance. Mme. Valda was a completely creditable *Aida*, and we really do not quite know why she did not greatly interest us. There were no shortcomings, no lack of vocal means in the finale to the second act, wherein the *prima donna* made her mark with every semblance of ease; her demeanour was marked by perfect propriety in the scenes with Amneris, and she went very intelligently through all the business of the duet, "*Rivedrai le foreste imbalsamate*," as also through the episodes in which *Aida* and Radames take part. It was all more than respectable, but less than powerful or affecting. Mme. Scalchi is developing a bad practice of forcing her voice, which is altogether unwise, because she destroys the present charm of the organ and will assuredly affect its future. In other respects her Amneris remains a very fine performance. The Radames was Signor A. D'Andrade, who is a little deficient in power, at any rate for Covent Garden, and a little deficient, also, in vocal charm; he just falls short of being quite acceptable; as we listen to him we continually waver in our estimation of his value. Signor Mancinelli allowed his orchestra to become a little boisterous at times; still no one knows better how the score of *Aida* should be treated.

The existence of Signor Boito's *Mefistofele* is an impregnable defence for Italian opera against all attacks that may be levelled at it. Few works exist at the same time more purely melodious and richer in dramatic significance, and those who missed the opening act on Tuesday evening were the losers; for, except a slight want at times of absolute unanimity between the orchestra and the chorus behind the scenes, this most striking music was admirably sung. To reach the opera at eight o'clock, allowing for delay while a long rank of carriages discharges its burdens, means a sacrifice of dinner; not that we would have a long opera begin at half-past eight, which means, again, emergence from the opera-house after midnight. Happily it is not for us to say how the difficulty can be obviated; but it is a pity, in any case, to miss the first act of *Mefistofele*. An entirely adequate representation it is almost—we fear it is quite—too much to hope for; but Miss Macintyre interpreted the part of Margherita with a sincerity and abandonment which were surprising and delightful. The accents of anguish in the death scene, when for a fitful moment reason resumes its sway, were touchingly true, and the lapses into madness singularly real; while, at the same time, the

music was sung, not only with vocal freshness and purity, but with a deep appreciation of its significance, though with no perceptible art or effort. In the Garden scene she was almost equally good; but for the recollection of what Mme. Nilsson made of the quartet, which is, in truth, an inspiration in which the great Swedish artist realized to the very utmost the fullest meaning of the music, we should almost have been inclined to accept the new Margherita as being as near an ideal as one may reasonably hope to find. We confess to an enthusiasm for this opera, but for that reason are perhaps more difficult to please. For the rest, Mme. Scalchi did full justice to the contralto music; but tenor and bass were not at the level of their companions. Signor Massimi has a pretty little voice—little, at any rate, for this theatre—and his diligent endeavours to make the most of his means resulted in false intonation. We received with equanimity an announcement that M. Castelmary was not to appear as Mefistofele, for we had gravely doubted his competence for the part. Signor Novara, who filled the vacant place at short notice, acquitted himself moderately well.

A HUNGARIAN MARKET MORNING.

A FEW miles away from its junction with the Danube the Temes flows past Pancsova, a typical little Hungarian town, self-reliant, self-sufficient, and comfortable. And every morning the big market-place of Pancsova is filled with a motley crowd of villagers and townfolk who meet to exchange their respective products. The villagers come in with wooden carts laden with pigs, sheep, poultry, and vegetables, and drawn by sleek and sturdy horses. As soon as they arrive they pass to the north side of the market square and pack their carts side by side, two, three, or four deep. On a full day as many as two thousand of these country cars may be counted there. The horses are unharnessed and turned round to graze on the straw at the bottom of the carts, which has served as a litter for live stock on the journey. And at five or six o'clock in the morning business begins.

What can scarcely fail to strike a stranger is the quiet of the proceedings. There is no crying of goods, and each vendor sits or stands patiently by his or her small store waiting for customers. Almost the only violent sounds which break in upon the subdued hum of many voices are the bleatings of the lambs, the squealing of recalcitrant porkers, and the neighings of the steeds. Of course the pig is a prominent feature in the show. Most of them are bundled out of their carts and made to lie about on the ground, being occasionally fed like English poultry with a handful of maize, which alone can induce them to get up without remonstrance. The little sucking pigs are hawked about, either carried like pet dogs under the arm, or else held up by the hind leg together with hens and turkeys—a position they do not by any means relish. They are fine curly-haired little fellows, with most engaging manners, and the price of five or six francs almost tempts one to buy, if only for the amusement of possessing one of them. Besides their curly coats, the Hungarian pigs differ from ours in having a tail of a certain length and simply kinked like a bulldog's, instead of twisted into a corkscrew. There are very few oxen or cows for sale, and only a couple of mares and foals. On the other hand, there are numbers of lambs and ewes, in which a brisk trade is being done. The whole market is laid out in long rows of stalls of a primitive description, and the line is kept up here and there by a display of goods spread out on the stones without a stall even. First we come to a couple of peasant women flanked on one side by a couple of patient geese, and on the other with a bundle of poultry tied together, after the somewhat cruel fashion of the sellers, by the legs. They do not seem to mind it much though, and peck away contentedly at everything within reach of their beaks. A bowl of cream, a black jar of oil, a can or two of milk, and an osier basket of eggs complete their capital. Next comes a fruit stall, with apples, plums, and various dried specimens, with a sack or two of potatoes to keep them company. Then a row of half a dozen bread-stalls with huge loaves, which must weigh at least a couple of stone, but which look nicely browned and well baked. Here is a general dealer, whose speciality appears to be hats and shoes—the latter, however, only in children's sizes. Amongst his wearing apparel he has a heap of odds and ends, little looking-glasses, combs and brushes, needles, pin-cushions, woolwork, portrait-frames, and tawdry jewelry. Alongside is an old crone under a tattered umbrella, ladling out milk and cream; whilst behind her a piece of canvas stretched on four poles makes a coffee-stall, where hot coffee and fresh milk are being served. A little further on, some flower and herb-sellers, with nosegays and roots of violets, primroses, pansies, cyclamen, and anemones. Thyme, sage, garlic, and onions mix their perfume with the fragrance of the living bouquets—the useful together with the purely ornamental. Gardening must be a favourite occupation in Hungary, to judge from the preponderance of watering-pots displayed in the tinsmiths' stalls; whilst, if half the new brooms are bought, the houses should certainly be swept very clean—as, indeed, it is only fair to say they usually are. About a quarter of the most busy part of the fair is occupied by the rope-makers and leather-sellers. The displays of the latter have a curious effect as the solid leather shoes are hung up in rows and festoons by their preposterously long laces, generally having a wooden last in each shoe. These laces are tied over and over the instep many times, and then wound round the calf, being

decorated with tin buckles and fittings and tufts of gay-coloured wool. As in the further East, the shoemaker's bazaar is not the least showy of a highly tinted collection.

Up and down between the rows of stalls march a few itinerant vendors, carrying their wares in two baskets slung at either end of a stout, slightly bent pole, which is shifted easily from shoulder to shoulder. A few of the women merely have large bags on their backs, for woollen or knitted goods. The country wives trot backwards and forwards in the most extravagantly brilliant short dresses and aprons, showing either bright striped stockings and huge shoes, or else a pair of bare feet, according to their condition. One and all have the head covered with a spotted or flaming-coloured kerchief, under which the hair is either coiled tight and close to the poll, or else escapes in a thick twisted plait down the back. Most of the young country girls adopt the second *coiffure*, which shows off their generally magnificent hair to advantage. Over their bodices they wear a very short sheepskin jacket, cut very high behind, and scarcely reaching the waist. The wool is turned inside, and the skin is decorated with devices of red and yellow leather, *appliqué* very picturesquely and effectively. A small fur collar completes the jacket. The apron also affords a field for the embroidering skill of the weaver, and altogether the costume is decidedly pretty. The men are, with hardly any exception, covered with big sheepskin coats, and many of them have unfortunately discarded the lamb's-wool cap for hideous low-crowned abominations from the shoddy-shops of Vienna. The feet are either encased in many stockings and the thick leather sabot, or else thrust into huge jack-boots, so that their appearance is not very different from that of our own farm-labourers or artisans.

By ten o'clock most of the business is transacted and the crowd thins. The unsold pigs and lambs are restored to the carts, and a sort of thorny harrow on hinges, which has been thrown back, is replaced over them to restrain any untimely efforts at liberty. The men and women, looking very much alike, clamber into their seats, and everybody returns whence he came. Those who have friends, however, or who do not come in regularly, often stay the night, and little Pancsova affords a good deal of entertainment of a mild kind. In the evening a dance will probably be arranged, and a Hungarian "Tchádash," danced as only Hungarians know how, is a thing to be remembered. In the long summer evenings it may be seen on every village green; but in winter the revellers have to engage a café and a Tsigán band. These Tsigáns are spread over the whole of Austria, and are the laziest vagabonds of creation. Beyond music they never engage in any profession, and are as proud, withal, as the grandest Magyar in the land. They are always neatly dressed, and treated with a certain amount of respect, based on nothing conceivable except their own estimation of their social value. As musicians some of them have decided talent, and the performances of some of the best bands are really remarkable when it is considered that they have no notes before them, but play entirely by ear, with a tune, precision, and harmony difficult to surpass. These bands are composed almost entirely of stringed instruments, the leader walking about with antics which appear the height of absurd conceit to a stranger, but are, nevertheless, much appreciated by his comrades and audiences. When all the violins are at length in tune, the couples step out, the man with one hand on either side of the girl's waist, facing her, and she laying her fingers on his arms. At first the measure is comparatively slow; but it soon quickens, and the somewhat sober first steps give place to something very like a Highland fling, only with many more variations. After the "Tchádash" comes a polka, and then a rest, while the Tsigáns treat the company to a wild national air, a French opera, or even selections from English composers. We have heard some of the most hackneyed pieces of *Dorothy* played by these wandering musicians so as to seem almost new, so much spirit was infused by the demon leader. After an hour or two of dancing a move may be made to where a full orchestra is going through their evening programme. Every little table is crowded, and it is difficult to find a place. The close of each air is marked by enthusiastic and tumultuous applause, which should be very gratifying to the performers. A large bottle of wine costs twopenny only, but there does not appear to be any drunkenness. Family groups, enlivened with the presence of ladies and officers in uniform, are dotted here and there in the throng, and in the intervals of the band the talk and laughter grows fast and furious. The signal for recommencing, however, as soon as it is given by the dignified Kappelmeister, brings a hush over the room, and so the evening passes till shortly after midnight. Next morning disappointed buyers or sellers are off to Peteherek or Temesvar, and their places are taken on the stony market of Pancsova by an ever-changing crowd.

The first occasion on which a stranger assists at scenes like these he cannot fail to be impressed with the quietness, orderly behaviour, and good humour of every single human being he meets. There must be some secret we have not yet discovered in the West to banish the squalor and dirt, the bad temper and oaths, and all the usual unloveliness of an English or French fair. The poorest do not seem to suffer from their poverty, and the richer appear to treat their less lucky brethren and sisters as perfect equals. And yet there is, perhaps, no race in the world so proud as the Hungarian. It is, however, rather a national Magyar pride than a purse-proud vanity, and the poorest peasant is as

conscious of his birthright nobility—or what he considers such—as the oldest lord of the soil. Whatever the reason may be, the consequence is eminently pleasing, and no prettier little patch of specimens from which to study everyday human nature among the lower classes could be found than that to be observed from any of the windows overlooking Pancsova market.

RECENT CONCERTS.

DR. HUBERT PARRY'S new Symphony, in which the interest of the last Philharmonic Concert mainly centred, was fortunate in being placed early in the programme, before the appreciative powers of the audience were spoilt by repletion. Even this genial composer has produced no work of greater or more obvious beauty, or one in which the characteristics of English music are employed with happier effect. In virtue of the last quality, musicians might do worse than agree to dub the new work the "English Symphony." A "Scotch" Symphony has for many years been enthroned among the standard classics, an "Irish" Symphony is one of the most successful of recent compositions in its class, and even "poor little Wales" has stood sponsor to a work which, if not very happily inspired, is at least earnest enough in intention. Both the subjects of the first movement, as well as every note of the last, have that fresh, vigorous, and straightforward character which no national music but our own possesses. The construction of the opening Allegro is a masterpiece of conciseness, and its themes are developed with consummate art. The slow movement is restful and melodious, and the Scherzo has the great merit of pleasing the public while it conforms to the high standard attained in the other sections. The composer reserves his great effect for the Finale, which consists of a set of variations on a delightfully spontaneous theme. Few, if any, other composers of the present day would dare to write a set of variations with no change of key, and with scarcely a modification of the harmonies. Ordinary composers would have invited us, to a certainty, to admire successions of chromatic discords, in the manner of the second-rate organist accompanying the maledictory verses in the Psalms; but Dr. Parry requires none of the usual paraphernalia of the variation manufacturer. Of course, if the least feeling of monotony were produced, the bold attempt must be pronounced a failure, but it is safe to say that a less tiresome movement was never listened to. It is not till the fine coda after the twelfth variation that any modulation takes place; yet the hearer's attention is so fully occupied by the beauty and real variety of the tributary melodies derived from the original theme, that he has no time to think how very simple and obvious is the harmonic structure which supports them. A pleasant sense of unity is given to the work by the employment of the same striking passage for the closing bars of both the first and the last movements. Mlle. Janotha has often played Beethoven's Concerto in G major with greater fire and intelligence than she gave to it on Thursday week. Her accuracy was of course perfect, but in the slow movement her part of the wonderful dialogue between the solo instrument and the orchestra was hardly played with sufficient depth of expression. M. Ysaye appeared for the second time at the Philharmonic in Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin, and made an even greater impression than on the former occasion, when Beethoven's work in the same form was played, not entirely without exaggeration. The last movement of Mendelssohn's work was, as is now usual, taken at an immense speed, and a great effect would doubtless have been produced at the close had the player not unfortunately broken a string in one of the most brilliant passages. We may remind Mr. Carrodus that, under such circumstances, it is usual for the leader of the orchestra to change instruments with the soloist; had not Mr. Betjemann come to the rescue, the movement must have come to a standstill.

The first performance of the new Sonata for violin and piano by Brahms gave a special interest to Miss Fanny Davies's concert on the afternoon of the 7th ult. The young pianist had the invaluable assistance of Herr Straus, so that the interpretation of the work could hardly have been bettered. As compared with the composer's two former works in the same form, the new Sonata, numbered Op. 108, is distinguished by even greater solidity of construction, and greater depth, both of repose and passion. The first movement has, in the delivery of its second subject, a quaint accentuation which gives it striking originality, and the long "pedal point" on the dominant, with which the "working-out" section opens, is one of the most masterly passages to be found in the composer's works. In some of his recent compositions, as, for instance, in the recently published violoncello Sonata, Brahms has placed his central movements in keys but remotely connected with that of the opening section; here he never goes further from the principal key, D minor, than to F sharp minor, the key of the delightful Scherzo, in which gaiety and pathos are strangely blended, instead of being contrasted with one another. The high double-stoppings for the violin in the slow movement, and many of the pianoforte passages in the Finale, require an amount of virtuosity that is not claimed by either of the earlier Sonatas. The impression that it is on the whole the greatest of the three was confirmed at the second performance by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé on Friday week, at the third of their chamber concerts, on which occasion

the Trio in A minor by Tchaikowsky occupied by far the greater part of the programme. The dedication, "à la mémoire d'un grand artiste," has evidently hampered the composer's impulse; the opening movement is diffuse and "scrappy," and it is only when the lugubrious element disappears, as it does in the capital set of variations, that his work is seen at his best. At the close of a perfectly cheerful Finale, he brings himself up as it were with a jerk, and closes with a mournful strain that does not strike the hearer as being particularly genuine. The "Album Sonata" in A flat, by Richard Wagner, played by Sir Charles Hallé, had better have been left alone. Scarcely a trace could be perceived of the master's power.

The programme of Señor Sarasate's fourth concert, the first at which the orchestra has not been employed, might have been better chosen. Weber's Duo Concertante is an arrangement from a *bravura* piece written for Bärmann, the clarinettist, and it is obvious that, as far as execution is concerned, its difficulties are mere child's play to a skilful violin-player. Intrinsically it is not a work of great interest. Schubert's Rondeau Brillant in B minor is not one of the composer's most attractive works, although in a programme of greater interest in other respects it would not be unacceptable. Raff's Sonata in A is both meretricious and ineffective, a combination which characterizes more than one of the composer's productions. Mme. Berthe Marx, who played the piano parts of all these, as well as Chopin's Barcarolle, an Étude by Rubinstein, &c., seems to have taken Mme. Essipoff as her model—her technique is faultless, and her touch excellent in brilliant passages; she is deficient in intellectual grasp of the composers' ideas, as well as in the graceful waywardness which is the most attractive of the Russian lady's qualifications. Perhaps the most successful part of the concert was the selection from Dvořák's "Slavonic Dances" played at the end.

Monday's Richter Concert was slightly disappointing to the regular attendants, for it was little more than a repetition of the previous one. Messrs. Lloyd and W. Nicholl were announced to take part in the finale of the first act of *Siegfried*, but, owing to the indisposition of the former, this was omitted, and two pieces from the previous programme inserted in its place. As two other pieces from the same programme were already "repeated by desire," the concerts were almost identical in substance. At the earlier, Miss Anna Williams's wonderfully dramatic singing of the great duet in *Die Walküre* came as a surprise to most of the audience, to whom Mr. Lloyd's performance of the tenor music in the same work was familiar. At this week's concert a very fine performance of the "Pastoral" Symphony was given.

The formation of a body of energetic young artists, under the title of "The Musical Guild," may be regarded as the best result hitherto of the working of the Royal College of Music. All the members of the guild have been students or scholars of the Kensington institution, and the first of their series of chamber concerts in the Kensington Town Hall was given on Wednesday week with remarkable success. The playing of Schubert's noble string quintet in C, by the brothers Sutcliffe and Messrs. Kreuz, Field, and Squire, was quite first-rate in some respects, and creditable in all. The leader will no doubt gain more warmth and spirit with increased experience, but better *ensemble* playing is not required. Two delightful songs, "The Maid of Neidpath" and "A Summer Wish," by Mr. Charles Wood, were sung with great taste and feeling by Miss Anna Russell, whose performance of the trying part of Agathe in *Der Freischütz* will be remembered by those who have watched the progress of the students of the College. Few of the *débutantes* of this season have the prospect of a more successful career than this young lady, who possesses a voice of unusual purity, and a perfect method, acquired from the late Mme. Goldschmidt. Miss Marian Osborn played Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor with intelligence and precision.

After a long abstinence from public appearances, M. de Pachmann gave a recital on Monday afternoon, the programme of which consisted exclusively of works by Chopin. As an interpreter of the composer's most "intimate" creations, such as that wonderful set of Preludes in which he seems to have put his whole soul, M. de Pachmann is unrivalled, or, rather, he would probably prove to be so, could he be concealed from view during his performance. Unless by a blind musician, no proper estimate could be formed of his powers, for even in the moments when his playing seems most inspired, the hearer's attention is diverted by a fantastic series of "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," which entirely obliterate the effect of the music. Unfortunately, these peculiarities have not diminished at all since M. de Pachmann's last appearance. Two of the Preludes mentioned above, two Études, the Impromptu in F sharp major, and the Mazurka in B flat minor, were exquisitely played, but the splendid A flat Polonaise would have borne more regularity of rhythm. The octave passage in the middle was simply miraculous in its accuracy and apparent ease. The profound stupidity of the ordinary listener was gauged in the performance of the Valse in A flat with the crossing rhythms. Two bars before the end a full close is reached, which has often before cheated an audience of a round of applause, just as the similar passage at the close of the first movement of Beethoven's "Sonate Caractéristique" inevitably does. The piece, being almost the only part of the programme indifferently played, was of course encored and repeated, when the audience fell again into the same trap, drowning for the second time the real close of the valse by their applause.

Mlle. Janotha's recital on Tuesday afternoon showed this most variable pianist at her best and worst. Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata has never been one of her most successful pieces, and on this occasion the last movement was taken at such a speed that clearness of enunciation was impossible. Those who stayed to the end were rewarded by a magnificent performance of Schumann's "Carneval," or rather of a large selection from the pieces which compose it. Here, too, the speed adopted was somewhat excessive, but in this case an additional brilliancy was gained thereby. The player's own cycle of pieces, called "Mountain Scenes," are graceful and carefully written, if not particularly striking and original. Mme. Néruda gave her assistance in the "Kreutzer" sonata, and Mme. Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

FIELDS of twenty-four, nineteen, and eleven, with several others of respectable numbers, showed, on the first day of the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, that racing on the old heath still holds its own, in spite of the enormous competition of modern gate-money meetings. During the three days 244 horses ran in the races, which had average fields of about ten starters, even when we include a match and a walk over. Neapolis, whom Captain Machell had purchased some weeks earlier for 1,000 guineas, was made favourite for the Trial Stakes; but, either from his roaring or some other cause, he was beaten at the Bushes, and the race was won by "Mr. Abington's" three-year-old colt, Snaplock, who had won a race of the same name, and the very first of the season, at Lincoln. The stake was worth 200*l.*; Snaplock was entered to be sold for 400*l.*, and his owner bought him in for 1,020 guineas; so "Mr. Abington," apart from bets, would appear to have lost between four and five hundred pounds by winning this race. A match between a couple of two-year-olds, a colt by Wisdom out of Vanish and a filly called Ingot, belonging to Mr. W. M. Low and Mr. Noel Fenwick, was considered a very near thing, and the odds were only 21 to 20 on Ingot; the race, however, was won by her opponent, for whom his owner had given 1,150 guineas last year at the sale of the Yardley yearlings. It is not always the largest stake that produces the largest field; and the Visitors' Plate of only 150*l.* brought out two dozen starters, but it was of no special interest. There was a pretty race for a Selling Plate that followed. G. Barrett made the running with Sir C. Hartopp's Mirabelle, and just managed to keep her in front to the winning-post, where she finished only a head before Ultimus, who was ridden by T. Loates. The last-named jockey rode a very fine race for the Newmarket Handicap. Bradbury and Woodburn, on St. Helen and Mami, the two favourites, fought out a remarkably close race from half-way down the hill right up to the winning-post, which they eventually passed on even terms. Not long before they reached it, T. Loates, who had been gradually creeping up with Lord Ellesmere's flaxen-tailed chestnut, Felix, shot past the pair, who had succeeded in pumping each other out, and won the race by half a length, giving from 13 to 25 lbs. to each of his opponents. The Duke of Portland's exceedingly smart little filly, Semolina, who represented the best two-year-old form of the season, came out to win her third successive race in the Exning Plate. Odds of 9 to 2 were laid upon her, and she won in the commonest of canters. We may observe here that three days later Semolina won the May Plate of 1,300*l.* at Windsor, bringing up her winnings, in stakes, to considerably over 3,000*l.*

The heat on the day of the first run for the Newmarket Stakes was excessive; even the horses appeared to be affected by it, and, so far as human beings were concerned, "the flat" was as exposed to the sun as an African desert. In the first race of the day, Lord Calthorpe's large filly, Heresy by Hermit, reversed her Brocklesby Stakes form with Mr. L. de Rothschild's small, but powerful and well-shaped, colt, Lactantius. On the former occasion Lactantius had run second to Semolina, while Heresy had only run fourth some lengths off; now Heresy beat Lactantius by three lengths. Mr. L. de Rothschild's Trenton, who had already won five races this season, was made first favourite for a Three-Year-Old Plate; but he never took a prominent part in the race, which was won "hands down by five lengths" by Mr. H. Milner's St. Agatha, a black filly by Isonomy out of Lady Masham, who started at 10 to 1. At the First Spring Meeting she had run third to Morglay and Royal Star, and this was only her second appearance in public. The field for the Newmarket Stakes was more interesting than those of some Derbies. Yet, as was the case with its sister monster stake, the Royal Stakes of the same month, there was very little betting on it beforehand. The Eclipse Stakes, the Lancashire Plate, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and the Royal Stakes, all surpassed it in the amount offered for the winner, which was 6,000*l.*; and even the old-fashioned Derby has been more valuable before now; but the 1,000*l.* which was now to be given to the second and the 500*l.* for the third in the race had never, so far as we can remember, been exceeded. The defeat of Donovan for the Two Thousand had the effect of adding greatly both to the strength of the field and to the interest of the Newmarket Stakes, for it encouraged owners of other horses by showing them that Donovan was but mortal, and the fighting out of the rubber between Enthusiast and Donovan, which had been begun in the

Prince of Wales's Stakes, when Donovan beat Enthusiast, and continued in the Two Thousand, when Enthusiast beat Donovan, made the Second Spring Meeting one of the most important of the season. On the contrary, the apathy which prevailed with regard to the Derby showed that the multiplication of such races as the Newmarket and other enormous stakes is beginning to interfere with the old-fashioned custom of betting heavily on great races long before the event. The question is whether this is altogether an evil. Some speculation there will probably always be on a Derby long before it is run, and the defeat of a favourite or the unexpected victory of an outsider in a previous race, although it may "upset the market," rather adds to the excitement than otherwise; at any rate, if it is death to some, it is fun to others. After all, if certain backers should in future refuse to bet on Derbies until after the preceding Newmarket Stakes have been run for, no great harm will have been done. Moreover, it occasionally happens that races coming before a great event make it appear more open instead of a foregone conclusion. Indeed, this very season, the result of the Two Thousand had exactly that effect upon the approaching Derby.

The seventeen starters were soon off, and Tom Cribb, the winner of a welter handicap at Croydon, whose name was not mentioned in the betting, made the running half-way across the flat, with Donovan, pulling hard, and Minthe, the winner of the One Thousand, in close attendance. When Tom Cribb retired, The Turcophone, a 100-to-1 outsider, who belonged, like Donovan, to the Duke of Portland, took up the running, and held it until he reached the Bushes. Here the favourite went to the front. Almost at the same moment, Enthusiast, the winner of the Two Thousand, was beaten, as also was Gay Hampton. Donovan sailed down the hill, followed by his stable companion, and then came Laureate, Minthe, and Gold. Long before reaching the Abington Bottom it was evident that Donovan had the race in hand, and he came on at his ease, and won from his owner's "second string" by a couple of lengths. Laureate was three lengths behind The Turcophone; then came Gold, Wishing Gate, and Minthe, and, quite half a dozen lengths after this trio, Enthusiast and Gay Hampton. This was a confirmation of the Prince of Wales's Stakes form with regard to Donovan, Minthe, Enthusiast, and Gay Hampton. The only thing that made the Newmarket Stakes running appear untrustworthy was the position of The Turcophone. This colt had been beaten by three lengths when giving 7 lbs. to Davenport, at Chester, and Davenport was by no means looked upon as a flyer. In his only other race, a Plate of 300*l.* at the Craven Meeting, The Turcophone had won by a neck from Roswal. He had been considered a very moderate-looking colt even on the day of his victory, and his Chester form made him out to be even worse than he looked. Yet he is very well bred, being by Galopin out of Johnny Morgan's dam. By his horses running both first and second for the Newmarket Stakes the Duke of Portland won 7,000*l.*, and Donovan alone has now won about 33,000*l.* in stakes. It is almost needless to say that this is the largest sum that has ever been won by a racehorse, in stakes, so early in his career. Less than a fortnight beforehand the Duke had won the Royal Stakes of 10,000*l.* with Ayrshire, and that colt has won for him more than 25,000*l.* The Selling Race for two-year-olds that followed the Newmarket Stakes was won by "Mr. Abington's" Scotch Earl, who was sold afterwards to Captain Machell for 1,300 guineas. As the stakes were only 100*l.*, and the colt was entered to be sold for 200*l.*, if Scotch Earl was worth the price given, his owner would appear, at first sight, to have lost 1,000*l.* by the transaction. Just after passing the post for this race, Mr. Humphrey Ransford's Wild Flower, who had cost 250 guineas last year, fell down dead. Chevalier Ginistrelli won the Breeders' Plate with his brilliant two-year-old filly, Signorina, who won by three-quarters of a length from Mr. Milner's Janissary, a bay colt by Isonomy out of Jannette. Odds were laid upon Signorina, as, indeed, they well might be!

"Mr. Abington's" chestnut colt, Maynooth, who had been one of the best-looking two-year-olds of last season, had to be ridden very hard to win the Burwell Stakes on the Thursday, after odds had been laid on him, and he certainly appeared to show a terrible want of gameness in this race. A field of twenty ran for the Flying Handicap. M.P. kept on rearing again and again at the post, and there was a long delay before the start, which was an indifferent one. Mr. Whipp's very moderate five-year-old horse, St. Hubert, who started at 14 to 1, got well away, took the lead at the Bushes, and forced the pace under his light weight of 6 st. In the Abington Bottom he began to stop; but, although he was being overhauled at every stride, he was still a head in advance as he passed the winning-post. It is, of course, true enough that an inferior horse that makes the running will always "come back again" eventually; but it does not invariably follow that he will do so before the judge's box has been passed. The next race, the Bedford Two-Year-Old Plate of 800*l.*, brought out fifteen starters, and the race was won easily by Baron de Rothschild's Heaume, a fine, lengthy, strong-quartered chestnut colt by Hermit out of Bella. He has a great deal of bone with depth of girth, and, on the whole, he pleased the critics more than any two-year-old that had been out this season. Mr. W. Marshall's well-known gelding, Everett, had not been among the first eight or nine for the Visitors' Plate on the Tuesday; but now, to the astonishment of most people, he won a Welter Handicap from fourteen opponents, after a remarkably fine race between some half-

dozen of the party. Then came the Payne Stakes, which used to be the chief race of the Second Spring Meeting. Odds of 5 to 2 were laid upon Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado, the second favourite for the Derby. He had both beaten and been beaten by Donovan last year, and he was one of the few notable three-year-olds that had not been "run through," directly or indirectly, by that colt this season. At the Bushes, Mr. L. de Rothschild's Morglay, Prince Soltykoff's Lord George, and El Dorado were leading; but almost immediately afterwards El Dorado slackened his pace and refused to race. Morglay won easily by a length and a half from Lord George, who finished a length in front of El Dorado. Before the race 1,100 to 200 was taken about El Dorado for the Derby; when it was over 1,000 to 80 was offered in vain; nor was this surprising, for Lord George had been unplaced to Gay Hampton when receiving 15 lbs. from that colt for the Craven Stakes, which did not represent El Dorado as equal to Derby form. On the evening of the Two Thousand he had been backed at as little as 2 to 1. His wretched running for the Payne Stakes took away almost as much from the interest of the approaching Derby as did the brilliant victory of Donovan for the Newmarket Stakes. The sales during the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting were of little interest. We may observe that Stetchworth, who cost 1,000 guineas as a yearling, now made only 35 guineas. There are few sales of racehorses that do not offer buyers of yearlings matter for serious reflection.

THE HANDEL SOCIETY.

ALTHOUGH most of the works performed by the Handel Society at the Portman Rooms on Wednesday last are not entirely new to a London audience, still the Society managed to arrange the most interesting programme which it has yet given. This included the *Magnificat* of Bach, which was performed by the Bach Society in 1878, and also at a Richter concert in 1887; the "Symphony in D major," No. 35, by Mozart; the *Blest Pair of Sirens*, by Dr. Hubert Parry, also performed by the Bach Society in 1887; and *Alceste*, by Handel, which has never before been done in its entirety. Since the Bach Choir performed the first-mentioned work, much additional information has been acquired about it, and the probable date of its composition has been approximately fixed. Although the programme of Wednesday night assumes 1723 as the absolute year, it is not quite a certainty; for the most trustworthy guide to follow in fixing the date of Bach's works is that furnished by the water-marks of the paper on which he wrote his scores, and in this case it gives a period ranging from 1723 to 1727. At the same time it is known that Bach wrote a hymn to the Virgin for performance at the special Christmas service the first year he was at Leipzig, in 1723, and no other work extant but this would answer that purpose. This service was a curious relic of a kind of mystery or drama called *Kindleinwiegen*, in which a manger was placed in the church. In the first original score were included besides the *Magnificat* four interpolations, three from a Hymn to the Virgin taken from a cantata of Kulman and the *Gloria in Excelsis*. In Bach's later score the key is changed from E flat to D major, and these interpolations are omitted, for he frequently performed a *Magnificat* of his own at other services besides the Christmas one, and as far as is known only two are supposed to have been written by him. The second, all copies of which are now lost, was a small one for soprano solo. On Wednesday night an innovation was made by singing the "Suscepit Israel" as a trio for solo voices instead of chorus. We do not quite know the authority for this, but it certainly was a relief to the heavily-worked choir, who had to exert every energy it possessed in the two following numbers, "Sicut locutus est" and the "Gloria Patri." We were glad to hear a wrong note (an E for a G sharp) corrected in the alto part of the chorus "Omnes generationes," this error having originally crept into Bach's own second copy, and never until now been rectified. The use of Franz's instrumentation with the addition of clarinet parts seems quite the rule; but it would be most interesting to hear the work performed as Bach wrote it, although it might be difficult, as some of the instruments he used are now obsolete. This performance was an ambitious attempt on the part of the Handel Society, and if they had not shown marked improvement it must have utterly come to grief; but it really was very creditable. The attack in the first chorus, a duet between first and second soprani, was good, but weak in volume. The chorus "Omnes generationes" was best sung, but wanted a larger body of voice; and the runs were slightly blurred in the "Fecit potentiam." Miss Paget sang her solos in her usual good style, and the trio "Suscepit Israel" was well rendered by her, Miss Bircham, and Mrs. Howard Tooth, but the orchestral accompaniment was rather erratic.

The execution of the Symphony (one of the Prague set) by Mozart was, on the whole, quite satisfactory; the strings played well and in good tune, the wind also was good, but a little weak at times. There seemed to be a slight difference of opinion for a minute between the conductor and orchestra in the second movement, but this difficulty was soon overcome, and the last movement went with great fire and spirit.

We have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Hubert Parry's beautiful work, *Blest Pair of Sirens*, twice within a week, as it was given at a concert of the Normal College of the Blind last Satur-

day, and what with its performance in 1887 by the Bach Society, the London public must be pretty well acquainted with it. It is written for double choir, and is a most melodious and effective work. We are glad to say the Handel Society acquitted themselves well, having had the immense advantage of a special rehearsal by Dr. Parry himself. At first we were afraid that the choir were beginning weakly and without a due regard to light and shade; but this nervousness was soon conquered, the voices gradually worked up in vigour, and the cantata as a whole was finely performed. At the same time, we think the Society would be wiser to increase their numbers before again attempting a work with double choruses.

In the *Alceste* of Handel the Society has succeeded in giving a complete novelty, if such a word is not an anachronism in speaking of music nearly a hundred and fifty years old. It is a charming work in Handel's suave style, but it is wanting in his great characteristics of grand, massive choruses and contrapuntal effects. It is necessarily fragmentary in construction, being only incidental music, the score of which has evidently come down to us also in an incomplete form. It was written to words by Tobias Smollett for performance at Covent Garden Theatre in 1750, in payment of a debt to Rich, the manager. Elaborate preparations were made for its production, singers engaged, scenery painted, &c., but for some reason it was withdrawn at the last moment. All hope of its performance was evidently at once given up, as Handel immediately incorporated several of the numbers in a cantata called *The Choice of Hercules*, produced in 1751. The *Alceste* was first published by Colman Arnold in 1790 under the title of "Alcides," but there is no doubt that *Alceste* was the name Handel intended it to go by, for he himself headed with that name a sheet of paper on which he afterwards wrote part of the score of *Jephthah*. The instrumentation used on Wednesday is exactly as Handel wrote it. The great feature in the performance was Miss Bircham's charming singing; she has a mellow, well-trained, mezzo-soprano voice, all the notes of which are equally well rounded. We must again praise Mrs. Howard Tooth, and also Mr. Probert, whose beautiful voice is so well known. Mr. Crowder sang well, but is wanting sometimes in life and energy. The choir did their part efficiently, although showing signs of fatigue in the last chorus. We might suggest in a long programme like this that the interval between the parts should be curtailed; but, altogether, we decidedly congratulate Mr. Docker on the success of the concert.

THE VALKYRIE'S ANTAGONIST.

IT seems to be accepted as a foregone conclusion that the New York Yacht Club will pit the *Volunteer* against the *Valkyrie* in the forthcoming struggle for the *America's* Cup. The truth is, however, that no decision on that point has yet been made. The New York Yacht Club has invited yacht-owners possessing vessels of suitable size to prepare them for trial races, which will take place in the autumn, shortly before the races for the Cup. It will be remembered that the trials preparatory to the last three international contests were sailed after the arrival of the challenger in American waters, and in each case the defender of the Cup was named not more than two or three weeks before the great struggle.

General Paine, the owner of the *Volunteer*, has announced that he will not put his sloop into commission, and he offers her for sale. It is by no means impossible that some one may come forward and buy her, with the express intention of entering the Cup contest. It is difficult, however, to see who is likely to be the purchaser, because the wealthiest American yachtsmen are well provided with fine vessels. The New York Yacht Club has so far shown no eagerness to purchase the *Volunteer*, nor is such a course necessary. As long as the sloop remains General Paine's property, she is a member of the New York fleet, and could be put into commission by the Club. The probabilities are that the Club will wait till the last moment before taking this step. It cannot be said, therefore, to be a settled fact that the *Volunteer* will again defend the Cup.

Several yachtsmen in New York who are well informed have expressed their belief that the defender of the Cup this year will be the *Puritan*, and they have declared their opinion that the conqueror of the *Genesta* could be safely trusted to meet the *Valkyrie*. It is not a certainty, however, that the *Puritan* would be victorious in the trial races. She has been beaten by the *Titania* and *Katrina*, 70-footers, and she might be beaten again. Moreover, there is a strong and constantly growing feeling in the New York Yacht Club that it would be more sportsmanlike to meet the *Valkyrie* with a vessel of her own class. The Club is not obliged to do this, and cannot be accused of unfairness in declining to do it, for a challenger for the Cup fully understands that he must be prepared to meet a yacht of the first class. If, however, a 70-foot yacht should in the trial races show herself the equal of the *Puritan* through time allowance, it would not be surprising to see her chosen as the *Valkyrie's* competitor.

The four representative American yachts of the *Valkyrie's* class are the *Shamrock*, *Titania*, *Katrina*, and *Bedouin*. The *Shamrock* is a wooden centre-board sloop, designed by her owner, J. Rogers Maxwell, of New York, and launched in May 1887. Her dimensions are as follows:—Length over all, 80 ft.; load water-

line, 68.5 ft.; beam, 20; mast, deck to hounds, 56; topmast, 40; boom, 68; gaff, 42; keel ballast, 30 tons. The *Titania* is a steel centre-board sloop, designed by Edward Burgess for C. Oliver Iselin, of New York, and launched in May 1887. Her principal dimensions are as follows:—Length over all, 82 ft.; load water-line, 69 ft. 9 in.; beam, 21 ft.; draught, 9 ft. 4 in.; displacement, 80 tons; mast, 53 ft.; topmast, 40 ft.; boom, 70; gaff, 39; inside ballast, 30 tons; no keel ballast. The *Katrina* is a steel centreboard sloop, designed by A. Cary Smith for E. S. and H. D. Auchincloss, and launched May 29, 1888. Her principal dimensions are:—Length over all, 84 ft.; load water-line, 69.5 ft.; on deck, 73.4 ft.; extreme beam, 20.33 ft.; draught, 9.33 ft.; mast, 73; topmast, 45; boom, 70; displacement, 83 tons. The *Bedouin* is a wooden cutter designed by John Harvey, formerly of Wyvern, and owned by C. Archibald Rogers, of New York. Her principal dimensions are:—Length over all, 83 ft.; water-line length, 70 ft. 6 in.; extreme beam, 15 ft. 6 in.; draught, 11 ft. 6 in.; displacement, 53.76 tons.

The *Bedouin* is a good all-round yacht. She is fast in light winds and in a breeze, and she does good work in a sea-way. The *Titania* is not fast in light weather. She does better with a stiff breeze, and sails excellently in a lumpy sea. The *Katrina* is a good boat in a strong whole-sail breeze in comparatively smooth water. She is not so speedy in a sea. The *Shamrock* is very fast in moderate breezes and smooth water. She is the poorest of the four in a big breeze or a sea. In the Atlantic Yacht Club Regatta, June 7, 1887, with a light breeze, the *Shamrock* beat the *Titania* 20 mins. 1 sec. In the New York Yacht Club Regatta, June 9, with moderate weather, she beat the *Gracie*, a skimming-dish, 4 mins. 49 secs., and the *Titania*, 8 mins. 21 secs. In the Seawarhaka Regatta of 1887, with a stiff breeze and a heavy sea, the *Titania* was able to carry a jibheaded-topsail to windward advantageously when the other 70-footers had to house topmasts. In the windward work that day the *Titania* beat the first-class sloop *Atlantic* and Lieutenant Henn's *Galatea*. She beat the *Shamrock* in the race 8 mins. 40 secs. The *Bedouin* in the same race beat the *Shamrock* 4 mins. 4 secs. In the Larchmont Regatta, September 21, with a fine whole-sail breeze and smooth water, the *Titania* beat the *Shamrock* 15½ secs. by time allowance.

During the season of 1888 the *Titania* was out of commission, and the *Shamrock* did not race very often. The *Katrina*, however, did a great deal of work. Her first appearance was in the New York Yacht Club Regatta, June 21. There was a light to whole-sail south wind. The *Katrina's* competitors were the fast cutter *Stranger* and the old-fashioned skimming-dish *Fanny*. The corrected times over the 38-mile course were as follows:—*Katrina* (allowing boat), 5 h. 7 m. 24 s.; *Stranger*, 5 h. 18 m. 3 s.; *Fanny*, 5 h. 30 m. 14 s. The *Katrina* and *Shamrock* met on the cruise of the Atlantic Yacht Club in the special race from New London to Shelter Island. There was a fair breeze, and in the windward work, 10 miles, the *Katrina* gained about a mile on the *Shamrock*. It was a favourable day for the *Shamrock*, too. But the *Katrina* beat her 1 min. 25 secs., and defeated the *Fanny* by 6 mins. 49 secs. On August 8, in the first run of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise from New London to Newport, the *Katrina* was beaten 2 mins. 47 secs. by the *Fanny*. It is not probable that any 70-footer in America could have beaten the old *Fanny* that day, for the water was like glass, and the wind a moderate breeze abaft the beam—the most favourable conditions for a skimming-dish boat.

On August 9 the Goelet Cup race was sailed at Newport over the Hen and Chickens course, about 40 miles. In this race all the sloops enter in one class, with time allowances arranged accordingly. The wind was very light, and only four sloops started—*Volunteer*, *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Katrina*. The record was as follows:—

	Elapsed Time.			Corrected Time.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Volunteer	8	21	35	8	21	35
Katrina	8	46	32	8	35	19
Puritan	8	42	48	8	39	07
Mayflower	9	01	14	9	00	21

It will be seen that the *Katrina* was second, beating the *Puritan* by time allowance, and the *Mayflower* in actual time. The last-named sloop, however, was badly sailed. The *Volunteer* beat the *Katrina* 13 mins. 44 secs., or about 14 secs. more than the big sloop would allow the *Valkyrie* over the New York Yacht Club course. If the wind had been fresh, however, the *Volunteer* would have beaten the *Katrina* much more; for, though she is fast in light airs, the *Volunteer* is much faster in a breeze, and does not mind considerable sea.

On August 14 the fleet sailed a race for cups offered by the summer residents of Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard. There was a strong breeze and a choppy sea. Going to windward, the *Katrina* was under double-reefed mainsail, forestaysail, and jib. The *Bedouin* carried her whole mainsail, and gained on her opponent, beating her by 3 mins. 18 secs. On August 15 the fleet went from the Vineyard to New Bedford, in a fresh south-westerly wind. Half the distance was nearly dead to windward, and the rest a run with the wind aft. After a hard struggle the *Katrina* beat the *Bedouin* 12 secs. in a race of 5½ hrs. On August 17 from New Bedford to Newport the fleet had a fresh wind ahead and a heavy sea. The *Bedouin* beat the *Katrina* 19 secs. actual time, and 1 min. 28 secs. corrected time. On August 20 the race for the Newport cups was sailed, fifteen miles to leeward and re-

turn, in a very light south-westerly wind. The skimming-dish came to the front again, the *Fanny* beating the *Katrina* by 4 mins. 32 secs. in a race of 8½ hrs. In the autumn regatta of the New York Yacht Club (which is always omitted when there is a cup contest) the *Katrina*, *Fanny*, and *Shamrock* met again. The course was a new one, from Buoy C 2 inside Sandy Hook, around the Sandy Hook lightship, thence around the spar buoy off the Shrewsbury Rocks at Monmouth Beach, and back over the same lines to the finish. The wind was south-south-east at the start, but hauled to the southward, blowing a good whole-sail breeze all the time. On the first leg the yachts had it about two points before the beam; on the second leg they were close-hauled; and on the return they had the wind fair. The water was perfectly smooth. The *Shamrock* beat the *Katrina* 41 secs. actual time and 1 min. 51 secs. corrected time. She beat the *Fanny* 22 mins. 11 secs. corrected time. It may as well be stated here that the *Fanny* is 72 ft. 2½ in. over all, 65 ft. 8½ in. on the water-line, draws 5 ft. 3 in., and carries between 6 and 8 tons of inside ballast. Her displacement is 49.09 tons, and she is one of the few surviving examples of the extreme type of wide and shallow sloop. Her beam is greater than that of the *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, or *Volunteer*.

Lieutenant Henn, in a recent letter to an American friend, expressed his opinion that no 70-footer in the United States was a match for the *Yarana*, and that the *Valkyrie* would prove to be a still faster and more powerful boat. A pretty good idea of the comparative merits of the American 70-footers may be gathered from the above figures. The course of the autumn regatta of the New York Yacht Club was 29 nautical miles in length, and the *Shamrock's* time over it was 3 hrs. 33 mins. 9 secs. The course sailed over for the Martha's Vineyard Cups was 36 miles long, and the *Bedouin's* time over it was 4 hrs. 26 mins. 14 secs. Of this race about 12 miles were windward work. The figures indicate that it is an open question whether the *Puritan* can beat the *Katrina* and her companions, with their time allowance, in average American yachting weather, which combines good whole-sail breezes with smooth water. In a strong wind and a lumpy sea the *Puritan* would have too much power for them, though yachtsmen will remember that in such weather she beat the *Genesta* only 1 min. 39 secs. in one of the finest races ever sailed in American waters.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

v.

IN our last notice of the Academy we spoke of the value of style when applied to enoble and invigorate realism. Instances of the use of style for distinctly decorative purposes may be seen, it is true, in Mr. R. Noble's too palpably bituminous canvases, and to some extent in Mr. G. Boughton's fine "Salmon River" (465), as well as in Mr. Peppercorn's rich and harmonious schemes of colour. But no one can doubt that, while the present revival of art has been chiefly effective in landscape, it has been so on realistic lines. Before all things attention has been paid to truth, to the actual illumination of nature, and to the character of its everyday composition. Yet beauty in picture-making has not been altogether overlooked by artistic realists. Balanced and over-rhythmical arrangement has given place to a study of the beauties to be found in the natural lie of the ground, in the growth of reeds, trees, grasses, and in the true character of the general silhouette or sky-line. Study of light has brought true colour. False concentration has been abandoned for true unity of effect. Explosions of bright arbitrary colour have been exchanged for schemes of sober or silvery hues, in fact, for the more natural decoration of the closely related greys of atmosphere. Inquiry into relative values and definitions has secured the charm of a real middle distance, one of the main tests of sound realism. A picture no longer seems a succession of flat side-scenes behind each other, while the active greens of local colour are now boldly and successfully treated. In the reform of technique that directly bears on style two old methods have been more and more discarded—namely, that niggling which compromises the breadth of an effect, and those cooking processes which so often escape the control of the artist, and produce haphazard modelling. Bolder and more straightforward systems have been adopted, which have led to the successful conduct of large canvases. Then the various qualities proper to oil, water-colour, and pastel have been carefully discriminated. The relative importance of decorative beauty and representation of fact have been in many cases determined; and so the question of the treatment of multitudinous natural detail has been solved by the cultivation of a suggestive manner, and by the stirring effect of style and touch. If brevity is the soul of wit in words, breadth is no less so in paint. Both may be mere emptiness with the mediocre artist, but good men use them for generalization or the effectual packing of matter. So far the best artists of the day stand on common ground. One of the differences amongst modern painters arises from the various degrees of symmetry which they can accept in workmanship. Not at the same pitch of formality does such work become to various tastes stupidly mechanical, ostentatiously obtrusive, or intentionally eccentric. That such a question should be argued shows an advance on former times; for, after all, it rather concerns style than those older matters of

modelling and value that lie at the bottom of realism. Bad value is less common nowadays, but relative definition might be more studied. Leaving out lagging realists who have not even mastered essentials, we might point to an excellent man, Mr. R. W. A. Rouse, as an example. His "Sunshine and Showers" (1248) is brilliant, aerial, and fine in values; but his "Fall of the Year" (513), though equally true in tone, is distracting and ineffective from a too even importance of hard definition throughout. Near it hangs Mr. T. F. Goodall's "Mill on the Marsh" (515), which, though an easier subject, may be taken to show the charm gained by better judgment in treating a forest of reedy detail. False relative definition leads to commonness of aspect. It destroys what is technically called mystery in nature, mainly because the important definitions of nature do not follow the definitions of objects as we know them.

Not only does landscape improve, but it receives more recognition and better places. Many Academicians and Associates contribute landscape this year. We noted works by Sir J. Millais, and Messrs. J. C. Hook, W. B. Davis, Vicat Cole, T. S. Cooper, F. Goodall, P. Graham, Briton Riviere, G. Boughton, J. Brett, B. W. Leader, C. Hunter, R. W. Macbeth, J. MacWhirter, H. Moore, J. W. Waterhouse, and W. L. Wyllie. Of these Mr. Waterhouse, as might be expected, shows in his "Under the Olives" (171) the most searching and subtly realistic study of tone and local colour, and, generally speaking, the most conscientious and unaffected pursuit of what he sees. Sir J. Millais, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Wyllie must be considered to aim at truth—at least they possess few charms of any other sort. Sir J. Millais's "Old Garden" (242) has a fine foreground, mellow in colour and well treated, especially in the head and fountain; the Castle, too, is finely handled, but the distance looks false, and the right notes of firs and cypresses have scarcely been struck. Mr. Davis is painstaking, though scarcely as successful as he has been, if we except perhaps "Overlooking the Loch" (55), which, though meanly handled and without distinctions of local colour in the foreground, contrives to please one by its fine sky and good general arrangement. In the "Homeward-Bound Pennant" (394) Mr. Wyllie spoils his work by tight definition. Mr. J. C. Hook, in his three works, treats a broad view of nature with his usual superb and noble mastery of style. "As when the Sun doth Light a Storm" (50) must increase Mr. Henry Moore's reputation for originality. His scheme of colour is silvery, and we cannot remember to have seen the dancing brilliance of light on a turmoil of waves rendered with more spirit and veracity. Mr. Boughton's "Salmon River" (465) is a very different thing from all these. Coming on it from very natural looking work, a certain air of unreality repels one. This should not be attended to; it will pass off, and the splendid decorative beauty of the colour will make itself felt. The composition is, after all, very natural, and the colour, especially of the magnificent sky, is more or less based on general truth to nature.

We mentioned last week some of the men who pursue style and look for dignity in the real world. We will speak of several men whose aims are not dissimilar, and who cultivate a large manner with more or less sincerity and more or less success. Mr. Adrian Stokes gets a grand, solemn effect of breadth in "The Harbour Bar," especially in an immense sky, almost too overpowering for the workmanship of the boats, water, and sand below. "The Sand-Pit" (752) shows Mr. J. Buxton Knight at his best, and his best is about as good as can be done by fine straightforward solid painting, assisted by a taste for sobriety, dignity, and truth of colour. Mr. Leslie Thomson shows something of the same qualities in his strong, fresh "Dordrecht" (619); and we may class with them Mr. H. Wilkinson, a powerful painter of sunlight, as may be seen from his New Forest pictures (1134, 1048, and 389). Mr. Percy Belgrave has the sentiment of a big canvas. His landscape (72) is well found in composition and style; but, like his smaller canvases, it lacks finesse and research. Mr. Brangwyn is clever, but mannered, in "Home" (190), so that it is difficult to dwell on the real facts of his picture without distraction. Mr. Parton's manner worries one in his large studied canvas; in "An old Lock on the Kennet" (637), however, he shows vigour and grasp of effect, though in certain spots his colour is too black. Mr. Alfred East gets an excellent sky and distance in "A Gleam before the Gloaming" (301); still this powerful picture would have been stronger had the foreground detail been in better proportion and less obtrusive. Mr. W. J. Laidlay in "Gisli the Outlaw" (453), Mr. Aubrey Hunt in "The Ferry" (20) and "Evening" (23), and Mr. Wyly Grier in "Bereft" (287) treat different phases of evening with distinction of style and some poetical feeling. Other good-sized canvases, with various sorts of merit, come from Messrs. J. Aumonier, M. Fisher, W. Rattray, Yeend King, A. Parsons, E. Ellis, E. A. Waterlow, F. Rouse, J. Finnie, W. E. Norton, J. Farquharson, W. S. Byrne, and C. Napier Hemy. Mr. D. Murray and Mr. Logsdail aim at true effects, yet hardly realize them, owing to unatmospheric colour and over-definition. If it was impossible to do justice to all the deserving figure work, still more impossible is it to mention all the good landscape, especially the numerous excellent small pictures. Many of these are admirably sincere and unpretentious. The ninth room, almost a little exhibition in itself, affords us many examples, of which we shall quote a few. Mr. M. Pollock's "Sunny Ditch—New Forest" (922) is very remarkable for the rare truth with which the colour of full sunlight has been observed. It recalls a tolerably early and precise pale-grey Corot that was in the exhibition of Romanticists at

Messrs. Dowdeswell's. The fresh greens and the broad truth of Mr. D. C. Jenkins's "Summer's Day" (1021), the charming quality of air and sunlight of Mr. A. Congest's "Low Tide" (1030), the quiet, delicate greys of Mr. W. Johnson's "On Sommerton Broad" (966), and the free, masterly style of Mr. G. Boyle's "At Plaistow" (972) deserve special remark. Messrs. J. L. Pethybridge, J. C. Lomax, C. H. Macartney, A. G. Webster, F. Spenlove, C. H. Lucy, Miss E. Hudson, and Miss M. A. Sheffield also contribute to the excellent effect of this little room. Nor is there an absence of good work of no great size in the other galleries. Mr. J. E. Christie's "A Lion on the Path" (1212) shows very successfully, and in a scheme of full colour, the flutter and shimmer of light and air on figures and on the confused growths of a wild country garden. Mr. Snell, in "The Willow Pool" (560), Mr. H. Watson, in "The Village by the Sea" (286), and Mr. E. Nichol, in "Evening" (718) and "The End of the Day" (727) treat open-air schemes of colour with grace and refinement. Miss Alice Havers has fortunately abandoned her former colouring, and shows a sincere feeling for nature in her "In the Meadows" (697). Careful artistic study of nature is to be seen also in Mr. H. R. Bloomer's "In the Dorset Hills" (736), in Mr. Duffin's 656, in Mr. W. H. Charlton's "Old Farm" (650), and in Mr. S. Hansen's "Frosty Day" (78). Very fair work comes from Mr. S. Pike, Mrs. J. B. Tuttle, Mr. J. Muirhead, Mr. A. Hague, and one or two more.

One of the best, at least the most elegant, things in the Water-colour room is a lovely pastoral in pastel, "Water Meadows" (1324), by Mr. A. G. Tomson. The greens of the grass and trees are softly atmospheric, and the sheep are distributed with taste. Another pastel of some merit is a girl's head, entitled "A Flower of our Northern Clime" (1451), very well drawn by Miss Kate Morgan. Mr. J. G. Laing sends a fine sunset, well concentrated, called "Twilight" (1298); Mr. O. Rickatson a true open-air drawing, "The Mill-stream" (1310); Mr. F. Dicksee a careful architectural subject of rich effect, "In Morlaix" (1543), and Mr. R. P. Spiers "The Parthenon" (1487), a strong, bold drawing, which, however, gives the architecture rather an archaic weight and proportion. Work by Messrs. R. B. Nisbet, C. Poole, J. Carlaw, J. Paterson, and Jules Lessore should not be overlooked.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE reports and accounts of life insurance Companies that have lately been coming out show satisfactory progress made during the past year. Unfortunately the different Companies end their years at different periods, and they make up their accounts in such diverse ways that it is by no means easy to institute a comparison between them, or to give in brief form an accurate statement of the total results. But generally we may say that the progress made has been satisfactory. Some months ago we pointed out that the more far-seeing and enterprising of the Companies had a few years since recognized that the business of insurance was not advancing as much as might have been expected, and that in some directions it had received a check, and they set themselves, therefore, to reconsider their rules, with a view to introducing reforms. The revision made had gratifying results, and other Companies followed the lead thus given. We are glad to say that the movement is continuing, and that, as Company after Company endeavours to meet the demands of the insuring public, they are rewarded by an increasing access of new business. Still we are forced to add that the increase in the English insurance business is by no means as rapid as could be wished. Roughly speaking, the existing ordinary Companies have engaged to pay 944,000 policies, amounting in the aggregate to 437½ millions. The industrial Companies have entered into 9,208,000, amounting in the aggregate to nearly 84 millions. We may leave out of account, however, the industrial businesses, as it will be seen each separate contract is for a very small amount, and it is not what is usually understood by insurance business. The ordinary insurance Companies, then, have made themselves liable for payments amounting in the aggregate to 437½ millions. Taken absolutely it is an enormous sum. It is about equal to the whole debt of the United States at the close of the great Civil War, and it largely exceeds one-half of our own National Debt. Roughly, it amounts to about five-eighths of the Debt. But when we recollect that the whole world is open to these Companies, that they carry on business abroad as well as at home, it will be seen that the growth has not been such as might reasonably have been expected, bearing in mind the age of some of the Companies and the high character which they sustain. The total number of policies, as stated above, is 944,000, which would give an average to each of about 464l.—not a very large amount. It will be seen, then, that there is still a very large field to be explored. And this will be the better understood when we state that, at the end of 1885, 29 American Companies reported to the New York State Insurance Department that they had policies in force to the number of 814,691, insuring an aggregate amount of nearly 404½ millions sterling. Three and a half years ago, then, 29 American Companies had outstanding almost as large liabilities as the whole of our ordinary Companies. We may add that out of the 29 as many as 15 were established since 1859—that is, within the last thirty years. And we would also remind the reader that these 29 Companies did not include all American Companies. Every

Company which does business in New York has to make returns to the State Insurance Department; but Companies which do not carry on business in New York of course are not called upon to do so. How are we to account for the more rapid growth of the business in the United States than at home? One would suppose that the advisability of insuring life would be felt more strongly in an old country like this than in a new country, where the struggle for existence is less fierce. And certainly many of our Companies are much older than the American, while here there has been a much larger accumulated capital to draw upon, and, we venture to think also, more skill and experience.

The only explanation we can find is, that the strict supervision and control exercised by the State Insurance Department of New York inspires the public with confidence. The department insists upon the different Companies depositing considerable sums as security for the policy-holders, and the money has to remain deposited while the Company continues working. Further, the department audits for itself the accounts of the Companies, and values the assets. And it goes so far as to revoke certificates of authority where it is satisfied that the assets are not sufficient to meet the liabilities. Now, we freely admit that official supervision and control cannot prevent maladministration. Official supervision must necessarily be in most instances to a large extent perfunctory, and, as a matter of fact, we know that there have been failures of insurance Companies in America as well as in Europe. But still the fact remains that the supervision of the State does inspire confidence in the American public, and, therefore, does immensely benefit, not merely the policy-holders, but the insurance Companies themselves. And, further, we think that few reasonable persons will dispute that a little more supervision by the State in this country would be highly beneficial to all parties. Some of our Companies are managed economically, prudently, and efficiently. Probably, their management would not be in the least improved by any change that might be made in the law. But others of our Companies do not possess the confidence of the public in the same degree. And we think that most people will agree with us that it would be well for those Companies themselves and for those who insure with them that there should be some control by the State. The Companies have now wakened up to the necessity for pushing their business, and are competing keenly with one another, and in so doing are in too many instances seriously increasing their expenditure. We have referred to this matter on more than one occasion already, and, as their friend, urged upon the Companies the necessity for greater economy. The Companies in effect answer that new business cannot be obtained without increase of expenditure, and no doubt their answer is to a certain extent true. If competitors are increasing their expenses, and by so doing are increasing their business, the Companies that are more prudent are likely to be blamed by their shareholders, and to be regarded by the thoughtless amongst the public as old-fashioned and behind the times. But undue expenditure is very likely to encourage other errors which may have the most serious consequences. In a Report by Mr. Malcolm and Mr. Hamilton, Assistant-Secretaries to the Board of Trade, upon Life Assurance Companies' Accounts and Statements, presented to the House of Commons in 1874, we find this remarkable passage:—"A Company by using one table of mortality instead of another may keep 900,000*l.* in hand instead of 1,000,000*l.* By taking a rate of interest higher only by 1 per cent. than may be prudent, the 900,000*l.* would be reduced to 830,000*l.*, and, taking a business of the ordinary type, it may be asserted, with little chance of error, that a small reserve of premium income in place of a larger one may have a final effect so great as to bring the 830,000*l.* down to 600,000*l.*" According to this official Report, it will be seen that where a prudently-managed Company would keep a million in hand in order to meet its liabilities, another less prudently managed would keep only 900,000*l.*, a third would keep only 830,000*l.*, and a fourth would keep only 600,000*l.* And each of those three latter would be able to make it appear to the outside public that it had acted properly, either by assuming that its investments would be placed at a higher rate of interest than they actually could be placed, or by taking an improper table of mortality, or, lastly, by representing that the net premium income is larger than it really is. It is impossible for the ordinary business-man to judge these points. They can be decided only by experts; and to make sure that the proper expert supervision shall be forthcoming State intervention is absolutely necessary.

Directors and managers are naturally not disposed to look with favour upon proposals for State intervention. The well-managed Companies say with perfect justice that they already do everything which wise legislation would call upon them to perform, and that they, therefore, object to being subjected to red-tape officialism; while the less well-managed Companies have stronger and more practical reasons for their opposition. But we would submit to the Companies that, if they are to make progress in the future safely and satisfactorily, they must somehow satisfy the demands of the public for greater safeguards in this matter. More and more in the future the Companies will have to confine themselves to the United Kingdom. No doubt there is a considerable field open to them in the Colonies and in India. But business at such great distances is carried on with serious risks. In the United States the Companies have to submit themselves to the State supervision which

they object to at home, and they have to meet at the same time the keen competition of the native Companies. Upon the Continent the difficulties of carrying on business are greater than elsewhere. There is not only native competition to meet, and the inevitable risks of carrying on business at a distance and in a foreign country, but there is also the serious question raised by universal liability to military service. How is this question to be solved? If an English Company, for instance, attempts to carry on business in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, or Italy, every man of military age who presents himself for insurance is liable to be called out in case of war. Will the Company make special war charges? And if it does, is there any probability that it can build up a large amount of profitable business? What is the use of a man in one of these countries insuring his life if the contract only holds during peace-time, or if prohibitory terms are charged should war break out? As a matter of fact, in case of war he would be less able to pay the premium than in peace-time. He would then be called away from his ordinary avocations, and might have to live upon the wretched pay of a private soldier. The question is one of the most serious importance to the Continental Companies, and it is clear that to our own Companies it practically closes the Continental field. But if the Companies have to restrict themselves more and more to the United Kingdom in order to maintain their existing prosperity, they must make up their minds to meet the demands of the general public. And there can be little dispute, we think, that the thoughtful public are coming more and more to the conclusion that the legislation of 1870 was not sufficient, and ought to be supplemented by further enactments that would more thoroughly protect those who insure their lives.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

WE have delayed to notice the summer exhibition of the Continental Gallery, 157 New Bond Street, which has been open some time and which deserves a visit. It contains a large number of specimens, mostly by younger artists than those habitually seen in this country, and in foreign landscape, at all events, it is strong. The principal attraction of a popular kind is a large, theatrical, and elaborate composition of the murder, by a poisoned cup, of Bianca Capella and her husband Francesco de Medici. This is by A. Schramm. On the other side of the gallery is a huge picture, a "Bacchante," by Paul Merwart; these two pictures are lighted up by artificial light, a circumstance very disturbing to criticism. Of the works of a modester description, we may note two interesting studies of English military life, "The Guards at St. James's" (32), and "Horse-Guards at Whitehall" (36), by the veteran French battle-painter Armand-Dumaresq; they are rather heavy in colour. Admirers of Van Beers will be gratified by one or two heads, and a figure of a "young person," we cannot truly say a lady, in a brown dress. The Polish genre-painter, Anton Kozakiewicz, contributes an agreeable "Cavalier and his Sweetheart" (63), well composed and brightly coloured; and the Gallician Franz Strieth, who has something in common with Kozakiewicz, a "Golden Youth" (58), which has pleasant qualities.

The landscapes at the Continental Gallery are more interesting than the figure-pieces, and in particular the Norwegian school is very well represented. Professor Hans Gude, whose forty years at Düsseldorf have not driven the Norse blood out of him, contributes a "Harbour of Oban, Scotland" (126), which might be and indeed ought to be a scene in a Norwegian fjord, so little has the painter seized what is distinctively Scotch. It is amusing to see the Highlands as others see them. Otto Sinding, at his best, is one of the most original and charming of landscape-painters. His "Tree Blossoms, Hardanger" (16), with its pale, opalescent tones, is like a good inchbold. Another capital example of Sinding's work is "Svolvær Harbour" (12). Adelsteen Normann's studies of the Norse coast are always interesting, if sometimes a little morbid in colouring; there are three or four examples here of his highly-finished work along the fjords. Among miscellaneous paintings we may point to a large and powerful landscape, "On the Giudecca" (28), by Ludwig Dill, giving the aspect of a Venice quay immediately after heavy rain; to Wuttke's "Canto Allegro" (39), in the island of Ischia; to a very delicate landscape of light tones in sand and reeds (42), by E. Damoye; to the fine effect of sunshine through morning mist in the "Capri" of Horace van Riuth; to two large Spanish landscapes by Felix Possart (54, 55); and to one of Prof. Körner's familiar studies of ruins, in strong orange evening light, on the Nile (60). There are also here unimportant examples of De Haas, Rochegrosse and Semenskowsky.

An ambitious candidate for renown is Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, who has studied in France at the feet of the Romanticists, who has achieved considerable imitative skill, and who now returns to England a little too much in a hurry to be recognized as a great master. The visitor to the Goupil Galleries, 116 New Bond Street, may see forty-one examples of his skill placed together in a single room, and may also read what Mr. Peppercorn thinks of himself in a neat little nut-brown pamphlet. In the latter a very naive appeal is made to us not to wait till Mr. Peppercorn "is with us no more before we appreciate and approve his work." We have endeavoured to appreciate, and we will therefore say that Mr. Peppercorn appears to us to have an indubitable talent

for producing a liquid, harmonious landscape effect in two or three tones, by the studious neglect of detail, in strict discipleship of Corot and Troyon. We will further say that we like this sort of thing, but that we have often seen it before, and that Mr. Peppercorn seems to us to be no new master, but a clever and skilful scholar, and that he does himself an injury by his self-advertisement. Sometimes he is quite absurd in the nut-brown pamphlet; for instance, we read that "Mr. Peppercorn does not think it desirable that the picture should look as if it were produced with brush and paint. . . . The picture ought, in fact, to look as if it has been blown upon the canvas." Please turn from these brave words, look at the canvases—for instance, at No. 13—and say if brush-work in oil were ever displayed more frankly and obviously than here! Mr. Peppercorn, as is so often the case, is better in his action than in his theory. We want pictures that look as if they had been painted with a brush, not "blown" pictures, whatever they may look like. Some of Mr. Peppercorn's landscapes are charming. "Harvests were gathered in" (3), too slavishly copied, perhaps, from the manner of Corot, is yet refined and glowing in its imitation. The scene in the dim street of "The Village" (35) is effective and beautiful in colour. "Cool refreshing Winter" (36) shows knowledge of aerial perspective, and is beautifully drawn in its green and grey harmony. On the other hand, the two sea-pieces (29, 39) are failures, the surface of the water being very unsuccessfully rendered. On the whole, our advice to Mr. Peppercorn is to go on painting his best and becoming more and more accomplished in the rendering of aspects of nature, while leaving his reputation to take care of itself.

THE SCARECROW.

THERE is hope that some day Mr. Charles Thomas may write a good comedy. He has the knack of turning out bright dialogue, which often comes within measurable distance of genuine wit, his characters are dramatically serviceable, and he has a good understanding of how to make an incident effective. In *The Scarecrow*, which was acted for the first time during the week, we are inclined to think that he does not do the best work of which he is capable, for the story is slight, scattered, and a little too complicated, nor is the foundation of the plot new. In many fictions, new and old, the companion has been put forward as the heiress, while the latter watched the fun and confusion she had caused, and here it is the millionaire's son who introduces himself as the humble secretary of a wealthy father, that father—the Scarecrow of the rather inappropriate title, for nothing distinct is heard of his shortcomings, and his behaviour is exemplary—being, apart from his son's generosity, a poor man. The author having introduced his quasi-millionaire and his pseudo-secretary, what must happen, broadly speaking, is obvious. A scheming woman will endeavour to entrap the poor man in the belief that he is rich; some one will love the rich man for himself, notwithstanding that he is apparently poor—the plot is older than "The Lord of Burleigh"—and an almost inevitable character is a girl who, knowing the true state of affairs, pretends to be ignorant, and assumes a desire to sacrifice dreams of wealth for the sake of disinterested love. All these things fall out very much as the practised playgoer feels a conviction that they will do, and there is very little finesse or adroitness in Mr. Thomas's treatment of the theme. He does not appear to have made up his mind whether his play was to be a comedy or a farce, and this gives the piece a scrappy appearance; for it is not neatly put together, and most of the personages are a little too much exaggerated. The Scarecrow, George Nankivell, just arrived from Australia, is marked down for capture by a disreputable young woman, who has obtained the position of governess to his niece; and her airs when, by the aid of her rascally husband, visiting the house as her brother, she suddenly blossoms forth as a Countess in disguise, are too absurdly extravagant. There is a lack of ingenuity, again, about the means by which the real millionaire is led to suppose that the girl he loves is mercenary. It is one of the commonest faults of plays that the characters act, not in accordance with the dictates of reason and probability, but in the manner which will best suit the author's convenience. Thus if any one is wanted, for instance, to see a certain photograph, he speedily sees it, and when it is time to wind up the story people discover by flashes of intuition things which would have perplexed them greatly, and required a vast deal of explanation, in the first two acts of the play. The piece began remarkably well. The scene in which the various members of the impecunious De Crawley family read out one after another the contents of the post-bag, which have just been distributed, each letter containing demands for money from tradesmen, bill-discounters, bookmakers, and so forth, is very funny; but early in the play Mr. Thomas begins by starting hares that he makes no subsequent attempt to catch. Thus we hear a great deal of Mrs. De Crawley's ancestry, and of her successful endeavour to make her plebeian husband change his name and assume hers; but nothing comes of all this, and therefore no good is done by its introduction. The piece falls off considerably, and so much is the author grieved for lack of matter that he actually introduces a character into his dramatic personæ—an old gardener—who has absolutely no other reason for dramatic being than that

he may bring in some steps, in order that the heroine may mount them, and, seated on the top, carry on a dialogue. There is no vestige of a reason why the scene should not take place on the ground, and this desperate attempt to be picturesque is really pitiful. Mr. Thomas should expunge his gardener and destroy his steps without any delay. The piece was not particularly well played. Mr. W. Herbert fulfilled all requirements as the millionaire, and Mr. W. F. Hawtrey exhibited some sense of character as the elder Nankivell. Miss Fanny Brough, who when well suited with a character never fails to distinguish herself, was not quite at home as the Governess, and Mr. Forbes Dawson, though clever and amusing, exaggerated the sketch of the Governess's rascally husband. Miss Millicent Mildmay strove not without success to realize the part of Ruth Lattimer, who, knowing the secret of the millionaire's identity, seeks to win him. Miss Ella Chapman, whose previous experiences have been in burlesque, was not a well-chosen *ingénue*.

REVIEWS.

ESSAYS TOWARDS A CRITICAL METHOD.*

TO pronounce Mr. John M. Robertson's *Essays towards a Critical Method* an interesting book offhand would be cruel, and might not undeservedly bring down upon us bitter curses and tearful reproaches from those very sensible people who order the contents of their book-boxes by help of this periodical. To ourselves, however, it is decidedly interesting; though among "general readers" only Mme. Tripoly and her kind, if they have recovered from the severe sentence passed on them and executed by my Lady Chief Justice "Gyp," will delight in it. It is an example of a class of book which has for many years been seen coming by students of literature, and which in the last few years has come not infrequently. Mr. Robertson tells us in his preface how delighted he was when his own book was far advanced, if not finished, to come across the works of the late Emile Hennequin; and if he had not told us, we should have recommended those works to him as those of a kindred spirit. Scientific criticism ("critical method," Mr. Robertson calls it) is almost, if not quite, the latest birth of literary time; though, like a good many other latest births of literary time, it has nothing in reality very novel about it, while the least novel thing of all is the profound belief of its practitioners that they have found or made a tremendously new, true, and important thing. As a matter of fact, the genesis of the thing and its nature are equally obvious, and we fear we must say equally unimportant. For a very considerable time—good three centuries, to take English only—critical judgments on particular writers, and sometimes on classes of writers or writing generally, have accumulated, and for the last three-quarters of a century they have been accumulating very rapidly indeed. It has thus at the same time become increasingly difficult to deliver judicial verdicts afresh with any appearance of novelty and force, and increasingly easy to create a sort of spurious science by collecting, classifying, discussing, and attempting to infer and deduce from the judgments already delivered. This last, disguise it as they may, is what our young friends the scientific critics are doing, except when they practically "burke" literature altogether and take a kind of Spencerian anthropology as M. Hennequin did. Indeed, Mr. Robertson himself, though he has much scorn for the poor "belletrist critic," ingenuously, though we think not consciously, confesses, in fact, that he would be as badly off without the convenient, if contemptible, creature as any other parasite without his *Walfisch*. He somewhere makes a plaintive moan to the effect that the usual critic so seldom considers his predecessors, the fact being, of course, that the critic has very little to do with his predecessors, though they may afford him an occasional *point de repère*. He abounds in delight over German literary monographs. Now we have read a great many of these German literary monographs, chiefly doctoral and other theses, and the staple of them is exactly what Mr. Robertson very congenially approves, and what we should expect from the scientific critic. You take up such a monograph, say, on Goldsmith as dramatist. You find the facts of Goldsmith's life given with the most praiseworthy precision, a bibliography of his work and of the work upon him which puts most English students to the blush, an orderly division of his qualities, with what Smith and Jones, Dupont and Durand, Schweinmann and Kalbmann have said about each, and perhaps a little discussion of some of the things they have said. And then *nil*. No attempt to give the critic's own total impression of Goldsmith, none to "place" Goldsmith among his own contemporaries and in English literature, none to define and contrast his virtue with the virtue of this and that competitor. It may be science, but it is not art, it is not original thought, it is not life, it is not literature.

Mr. Robertson's "Essays" towards his method consist of a long and rather elaborately arranged general paper, a hundred and fifty pages of it, on "Science in Criticism" (the great word being thus let loose at once), and of three particular papers, intended, we suppose, as illustrative of the method, on "Mr.

* *Essays towards a Critical Method*. By John M. Robertson. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Howells's Novels," on "The Fable of the Bees," and on "The Art of [Lord] Tennyson." The reading of Mr. Robertson is not facilitated by the fact that he seems to have thought it necessary, in claiming for criticism a place among sciences, to fit her out with a full suit of jargon according to the cut of the fashionable modern scientific word-tailor. "Tendential parties" are parties with whom we had rather have nothing to do, and when "tendential" is taking himself, as we trust he will, away he may take "opinional" with him and welcome. Mr. Robertson's reason for concluding that "the purely belletrist criticism of our time will seem curiously Byzantine" to the historian is based on an assumption that "the literature of the future is to have in its veins a blood digested from all the pabulum of the omnivorous modern intelligence"—a phrase matching nicely with the "strides of the modern intelligence," of which an anonymous writer talked some time ago. But, as perhaps the best example at once of Mr. Robertson's views and of his style, we may take his "statement of the problem," the problem presented to the modern intelligence, all striding and omnivorous:—

My proposition is twofold. It is that mere belletrist criticism of *belles lettres* tends not only (1) to magnify the human importance (as measured by the language which serves all human purposes) of the performance and the performers in question; but (2) to misrepresent for normally cultured intelligences the very literary values of the given performance, inasmuch as the sense of even relative literary value shifts with the wider or narrower development of brain faculty.

There have been wicked belletrists, from a sad fellow named Aristophanes downwards, who would, we fear, have made, and would still make, terrible fun of this style; and there are others who would look, and certainly not look in vain, for individual expressions of Mr. Robertson's to pull to pieces. "The omniscient antagonisms of the belletristic intelligence," if we may talk Robertsonese for a moment, would, we say, not fail to find plenty of things to operate upon. A man, for instance, who exclaims against people who "gloss over the leering prurience of Fielding and lift hands at the passionless science of Zola" exhibits a very curious mixture of blindness and short-sight. Those who praise Fielding praise him exactly because, in their opinion, leering prurience and he are leagues or poles asunder, while they condemn M. Zola exactly because of his "passionless," as well as artless, treatment of matters which only the touch of passion, communicated by art, can render, not merely interesting, but even in the slightest degree tolerable.

But these little indications of Mr. Robertson's own faculty of judicial criticism interest us less than the general result and colour of his method. As in similar cases before, notably in that of M. Hennequin himself, we find that scientific and methodic criticism is only judicial or "notional" or "belletrist" criticism (not usually of the very best kind) loaded with a vast amount of matter which may be scientific, but is not critical at all. Without predecessors Mr. Robertson seems to be wholly unable to get along. In his historical sketch of the past of criticism he finds, indeed, plenty of bladders ready; but when he loses them he has to save himself from sinking by engaging in a desperate private wrestle with Mr. Moulton, the Shakespeare critic; and when Mr. Moulton has extricated himself from his grasp, the wreckage of the list of favourite passages which the editor of a monthly Review extracted from some guileless persons a year or two ago affords him welcome floats. Even in his more particular papers, it is curious that he seems unable to resume or grasp his author, and invariably takes refuge in discussing what Mr. Howells has said about others and himself rather than Mr. Howells's own work; what Mr. Minto and Mr. Stephen have said about Mandeville rather than the "Bees" (though it is fair to say that he is better as an ethical than as a literary critic); the various readings, and some of the more obvious metrical and technical points of the Laureate (though this paper is perhaps his best) rather than the Laureate *qua* poet. And, despite of all his parade of system, the book is simply crammed with unreasoned and unreasoning expressions of mere personal partiality which the most arbitrary belletrists could not outdo. We have never read a book of criticism which contained so many off-hand deliverances—the personal equation interfering to such a ludicrously uncritical extent that Mr. Robertson actually blames Cardinal Newman's "extravagances of faith." He likes Mr. Stevenson (less, it would seem, for Mr. Stevenson's undoubtedly genial qualities than for his affectations of style), and dislikes Mr. Haggard, partly because Mr. Haggard's style is so simple as to be not infrequently slipshod, and partly because, it would appear, Mr. Haggard's intelligence is not modern, and omnivorous, and striding enough for him. Now both these things are his own look-out, and he is quite entitled (especially if he can give good critical reasons for them) to his likes and his dislikes. But this is not enough for him. Your scientific Torquemada is of all Torquemadas the most determined that his doxy shall be all the other fellows' doxy too, or so much the worse for them. And, accordingly, Mr. Robertson, while kindly acknowledging that Mr. Lang is "often delightful with the charm of Dundreary's stammer," accuses him of "profligate defence of an order of literature that he knows to be poor stuff," of "unconscientiousness," and God knows of what else. This is amusing enough; but the same omniscience only knows whether and how it is scientific.

We should not have spent so much time over Mr. Robertson, who, except to one of the craft, is not very cheerful reading, and is certainly not very important to any one, if we had not noticed a considerable tendency among the younger educated, or half-educated, generation of newspaper writers, University extension

lecturers, and so forth, to take up this science-of-criticism mania, from which, we take leave to say plainly, there is likely to come nothing but much waste of time and a corresponding quantity of bad writing. To be a critic—a real critic—that is to say, to exhibit in more or less good literary form, with as much attention as possible to certain fixed but not too rigid standards of taste, and with the widest possible literary knowledge, the effect upon a certain mind of the work of certain other minds—is anything but an easy thing. Nothing is easier in the world than to make a *précis* of a number of recorded facts, to jingle-jangle about with other men's opinions for a given time, to intersperse a few expressions of personal opinion, and to give the whole a pseudo-scientific air by a certain pomp of arrangement and the use of technical jargon. But, in the former case, if the difficulty is surmounted, something at any rate is added to the world's actual sum of literature. The best criticisms of, say, Hazlitt (Mr. Robertson, of course, speaks slightly of Hazlitt—a note which we never yet knew to fail) are much less great work, no doubt, than the work of the best men whom he criticized. But they are, however lower in degree, of the same general kind. Jingle-jangle about the omnivorous modern intelligence and its pabulum, about the individual opinions (a real critic might have got something from the general cast of the opinions) of this and that person whom a newspaper editor asked for favourite passages, about Smith's opinion of Jones and Jones's opinion of Smith, is not literature, is not even science, but is the merest bookmaking and compilation. We are by no means sure that, if Mr. Robertson would fling his method to the winds, read original authors instead of his predecessors in criticism, and meditate on the fact that the late M. Chevreul was not Raphael, he might not become a fair critic in his way. For he evidently loves literature well, though far from wisely; and as being a good lover, he might perhaps make a good end. But he has most certainly not made a good beginning, though he has made, in parts, and to us, a very amusing one.

NOVELS.*

"WHO comes from the bridal chamber?" asks Poet Southey, at the end of his description of the wedding of Thalaba to Oneiza, and answers himself in the next line, "It is Azrael, the Angel of Death." Any one would suppose that this was the passage which Mrs. Caird had in her mind when she entitled her recently-published novel *The Wing of Azrael*. She does not make any reference to it—probably because to do so would be extremely appropriate to her cheerful and engaging story—but quotes, with tiresome reiteration, a perfectly irrelevant passage from Scripture about the scapegoat "on which the lot for Azazel fell." The story is extremely long and (subject to an exception to be mentioned presently) supernaturally dull. It tells how, in some place by the sea, all the men were beasts and all the women were fools, and how the man who was least of a beast married the woman who was most of a fool. His name was Philip and hers Viola. The second time they met, when she was about ten, she pushed him over a cliff, with intent to murder him, because he tried to kiss her, and the last time she murdered him with a dagger because he did kiss her. Then she threw herself over a cliff. The neighbours were so bigoted in their adherence to worthless conventions that they blamed Viola for this conduct; but Mrs. Caird thinks she was a scapegoat, on whose head the sins of society were unfairly laid. It is not everybody who could make a story containing two such solid crimes as uninteresting and as difficult to read as *The Wing of Azrael*; but everybody is not Mrs. Caird. Viola, who was, as has been already stated, the champion fool of her county, if not of her sex, never enjoyed a moment's respite from the most lively disgust with her lot, and suffered intolerable bursts of anguish about five times a day from the date when, in early childhood, she discovered that we cannot always have everything arranged exactly to suit our liking. The story is, in fact, a monotonous howl of woe. Mrs. Caird hopes that it may do good; but the only specific grievances to which she directs attention are that ladies are expected, both by law and custom, to keep to a single husband, and that those who cannot afford to marry the men of their choice must either not marry them or suffer from want of means. It remains to call attention to the passage which is not dull, and which gains infinitely in radiance from the "blank miles" of print "round about." There was a certain Sibella, who had "one of those faces which indicate the high-water-mark of human development," and wore particularly red gowns. She had left her husband and posed as an improper person, and her function in the story is that she was very anxious to induce Viola to do likewise. A gentleman in love with Viola, and with whom Viola considered herself in love, called upon Sibella to ask her assist-

* *The Wing of Azrael*. By Mena Caird. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

Passages in the Life of Sir Lucian Elphin of Castle Weary. Edited by his Sister. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1889.

Prince Maskloff: a Romance of Modern Oxford. By Roy Tellet, Author of "The Outcasts." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

The Secret of the Lamas: a Tale of Tibet. London: Cassell & Co. 1889.

Not for the Night-time. By Theo Gift, Author of "Pretty Miss Bellow" &c. London: Koper & Drowley. 1889.

ance in the matter, and observed, while she was making tea, "I see you still have your prehistoric things in bronze." Sibella made answer and said, "What should I be without my *mementi mori*?" Prolonged study, and good fortune perhaps trenching on inspiration, have enabled us to parse the Latin. *Mementi*, nom. plur. of *mementus*, a memento, or reminder; *mori*, gen. sing. of *morus*, death. *Mementi mori*, reminders of death. What a difference the alteration of a single vowel can make!

Sir *Lucian Elphin* is a curious mixture. As long as the author keeps to simple romance it is decidedly good; but whenever he trespasses—which he is continually doing—into references to events which really happened, or persons who really existed, he is almost hopelessly at sea. The hero, Sir *Lucian Elphin*, was a Conservative member of Parliament for a Scotch county, having been elected to that dignity in 1873, and again in the General Election of 1874. In the year or two succeeding the earlier of these dates he had divers adventures, principally amatory, the relation of which constitutes the greater part of the story. He was the victim of a ban, uttered against his family three hundred years before, and also of an unfortunate attachment in his youth, involving a particularly silly promise that he would never marry any one else. These facts, and the circumstance that a friend's wife, who, by the way, had "wine-red" hair, fell in love with him, afford ample material for a commonplace romance, and, so far as the mere story goes, the work is rather well done. The best figure in the book is the husband of the lady with claret-coloured hair, though there is very little about him. The weakness of the work, which is considerable, and never out of sight for long, is most apparent in episodes subsidiary to the main story. There is a wise and good young member of Parliament, who is intended to portray, under the thinnest of veils, a well-known living politician. And can there have been, then or at any time, a magistrate at Winchester capable of first severely cross-examining, and then releasing on bail, a baronet charged with murder? The conclusion of the tale is rather marred by the hero being taken to South Africa, where he engages as a newspaper correspondent in the Zulu war, and has divers foolish and uninteresting adventures, quite off the main lines of the story. The author might do something rather good, but has not—as far as appears—done it yet.

It is more unsatisfactory than amusing not to know whether or not the title of a novel is a pun. Further than that in revealing the central mystery of *Prince Maskloff* it is not necessary to go. The story is about an excessively romantic Russian prince, with every good quality, but suffering from a hidden woe, which is sufficient, in his judgment, to debar him from marriage, and, therefore, restrains him from offering his heart, his hand, and an indefinite number of Russian serfs and provinces to the young lady of his affections. The story is called, by way of second title, *A Romance of Modern Oxford*, apparently because the scene of it is laid in and about that famous city. Apart from the opportunity thereby given to the author of describing rather feebly some of the humours of undergraduate life, any other locality would do as well, and even rather better, because the calf-love of an undergraduate, especially when it culminates in matrimony, is uninteresting, and a little unreal. It is a further weakness in *Prince Maskloff* that the misfortune which blighted his highness's life was not of a character to attract the sympathies of the reader, and that the means whereby he concealed it from his acquaintances partook largely of the ludicrous.

There was a woman called Syb, who had a cousin called Cis, and they mesmerized each other, and loved, and he went to India, and tumbled into a gorge with no practicable way out of it, and was rescued by some Lamas with a rope, and they made a Lama of him with many conjuring tricks and ridiculous ceremonies. Meanwhile, Syb had married Another, who was a bold bad man. He was "the eldest son of old —, the celebrated judge," and his name is ill chosen, being actually that of a particularly eminent judge who died a few years ago. He was also in the habit of speculating unsuccessfully on the Stock Exchange, and tried to cheat his wife out of some part of her fortune which was more or less in her own control, whereupon the Lama Cis took lodgings opposite, and murdered him with a machine for making lightning, which he had been able to invent because he was a Lama, and afterwards married his widow and turned the lightning-machine into a fog-signalling apparatus which has been instrumental in saving many lives on our rock-bound coasts. This foolish story is told in an ingenuously bald style. It contains an extremely ludicrous account of a "glacier" in Thibet down which a caravan went, exactly as if it had been a toboggan-slide:—"A magnificent, long-haired ox opened the march . . . he manfully put his two front feet on the glacier, and whizzed off as if he had been discharged from a cannon. He went down the glacier with his legs extended, but as stiff and motionless as if they had been made of marble. Arrived at the bottom he turned over and then ran on, bounding and bellowing over the snow. All the animals, in turn, afforded the same spectacle, which was really full of interest." There is also an account of the Lamas' heaven, to which Cis was privileged to pay a short visit before returning to London to murder the Other; but it is hardly more preposterous than the glacier.

Under the jejune title of *Not for the Night-time* "Theo Gift" publishes four ghost-stories, not substantially more blood-curdling than plain straightforward ghost-stories generally are. The least wanting in originality is perhaps the first, which is about a gentleman whose wife misconducted herself in his absence—to the extent of turning his house into a "pandemonium" of "reck-

less license and dissipation." Upon discovering this, the injured husband "lifted his two arms to heaven, and swore so terrible an oath of vengeance as curdled the very blood of the listener to hear—offering himself to perish everlastingly in the nethermost flames of hell if for those dishonoured seven months of his absence he might be allowed, not only to punish her who had polluted them, but once in every seven years to wreak such residue of his wrongs as her mere death could not atone for on some other woman, young and pure and innocent as she had seemed to be, and so satisfy his tortured soul for the worse torture that first woman had inflicted on him." Somebody seems to have accepted this rather complicated bargain; for every seven years it was the gentleman's habit to emerge from the nethermost flames, put on so much of the likeness of an ordinary individual as was consistent with a very peculiar look in his eyes, marry, and "wreak his wrongs" on his bride by frightening her to death. The passage quoted is exceptional for turgidity and sloppiness of language, and any one of the stories would do well enough in a shilling monthly magazine.

VELASQUEZ AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

THIS translation, which has so rapidly followed the original publication of Professor Justi's copious monograph in German, issued in Bonn in 1888, ought to find a welcome reception in this country. The long oblivion into which the works of the greatest of Spanish painters had fallen was, for the first time, broken by the revival of interest shown by a few English lovers of art in the early part of the present century, and out of the whole list of Velasquez's pictures (real or supposed) which is given in Curtis's very useful Catalogue, numbering altogether 274 paintings, no less than 121 are now in the United Kingdom. Though it is truly said that without a visit to Madrid no one can form an adequate conception of Velasquez's genius, it might be added that a study of his works which are to be found in British galleries is indispensable for the student who wishes to realize the many-sidedness of the Spaniard's artistic power, and the various changes which his style underwent throughout the forty years of his working life.

Professor Justi discusses at considerable length the styles and merits of Velasquez's predecessors in the art of painting, and also the relative claims of Herrera and Pacheco to the honour of having been Velasquez's teachers. The real fact, however, seems to be that Velasquez was one of those rare heaven-born artists who created their own style, little, if at all, influenced by their masters or contemporaries. The Spanish painters of the century before Velasquez's lifetime, which lasted from 1599 to 1660, and those of his own generation, were a feeble race, weak in design and formal in execution. Thus it is probable that no age and no country has ever produced an artist who towered giant-like above the heads of his fellow-countrymen in the way in which Velasquez did. With the exception of his own pupil Murillo, Spain has never produced another painter worthy of being placed in the highest rank. And, indeed, Spain was not the only country in which Velasquez's pre-eminent superiority over his contemporaries was so striking.

The glory of Italian art had fallen so seriously since the death of Tintoretto that men such as Guido, Guercino, Domenichino, Ribera, and even Pietro da Cortona, were reckoned as the chief painters of Italy, and to find an artist worthy to be set on the same level as Velasquez one has to look further North—to Antwerp, where Vandyck was born in the same year in which Velasquez first saw the light in Seville. For these reasons Velasquez, more than any other great painter, was essentially a pupil of the mighty dead—not of any living artist. He seems even to have been uninfluenced by Rubens, though the intimacy which grew up between him and the great Spaniard during a long visit which Rubens paid to the Court at Madrid might easily have affected the style of a less vigorous and nature-loving painter than Diego Velasquez. Velasquez's real masters were, in the first place, Titian and Tintoretto, and (happily) in a less marked degree, Michelangelo and Raphael. When, at the time of Philip IV.'s accession to the Spanish throne in 1621, Velasquez, as a youth of twenty-two, left Seville to seek his fortune at the Court, Madrid already possessed some of Titian's finest works, and these the young Spaniard studied and copied with enthusiastic eagerness. This foretaste of the bygone glories of Italian art led Velasquez, whose genius was at once perceived by the young King, to obtain leave of absence from his joint duties as painter and courtier in order to visit Italy for the purpose of further study of the masterpieces of Venetian and Florentine art. It is, however, easy to overrate Velasquez's indebtedness to the painters of the sixteenth century. Even if he had never seen a Venetian painting, he would still have been one of the greatest artists of the world. The very skilfully executed "Water-seller" (*El aguador*), a fine piece of realistic and yet not ignoble *genre*, in the collection at Apsley House, was painted when Velasquez was a lad of about twenty, before he had seen one of Titian's pictures. And his marvellous group of peasants at a vintage festival (*Los borrachos*), before which David Wilkie used to sit for hours in

* *Diego Velasquez and his Times.* By Carl Justi, Professor at the University of Bonn. Translated by Professor A. H. Keane. London: Grevel.

despairing admiration, was painted before Velasquez's first visit to Italy, which did not take place till 1628, after seven years of active work as Court-painter in Madrid. When he did reach the long-wished-for land of artistic treasures Velasquez's enthusiasm was boundless, and he set eagerly to work to copy picture after picture by the chief Venetians, whose glorious colouring and perfect technical skill attracted him more than any other of the Italian schools. With extraordinary rapidity he made copies of Tintoretto's "Last Supper," and the magnificent "Crucifixion" in the council-room of the Guild of San Rocco—both of them very large compositions containing a great number of figures. In this respect Velasquez's taste resembled that of Rubens, who made copies of no less than twenty-five paintings by Titian, but never without infusing some of his fleshly coarseness of style into his copy, "translating," as Professor Justi says, "from Italian into Low Dutch."

The superficial similarity and the very essential differences between the works of Velasquez and Rubens are very accurately pointed out by Professor Justi, in a passage where he is specially considering Velasquez's merits as a painter of portraits.

Velasquez has thoroughly studied his subjects both inwardly and outwardly, grasped their distinct aspects in accordance with that individual harmony which invests even deformity with a sense of subtle fitness.

With him we feel ourselves in the presence of a reality, of men new to us, possibly even unsympathetic, but still attractive through their intense personality.

In Rubens we miss this respect for peculiarities; he adapts the features to the types of his own fancy, beautifying or lowering as the case may be; he imparts to all the same physical constitution, the same expression of sensuous health and genial openness. We call such and such a portrait a fine Rubens, and with that we have said all that need be said. . . . What Velasquez prized was *verdad, no pintura* ("truth, not painting").

It may however be remarked that the finest of all Rubens's portraits is an exception to this rule, the head of Cornelius van der Geest in the National Gallery of London. Here Rubens has repressed his usual love for sensuous fulness of form, warm flesh-tints, and animal vigour, and has given us a pale thoughtful type of face, full of refinement and intellectual expression—a phenomenon so rare with the painter that the portrait always passes under the name of Vandyck, in spite of the technical peculiarities which show it to be undoubtedly from the hand of Rubens.

From Venice Velasquez passed on to Rome, where Pope Urban VIII. received him in the most cordial manner, and allotted him a set of rooms in the Vatican Palace. Here Velasquez worked in his usual rapid way, making studies from Michelangelo's great fresco of the Last Judgment, and from some of Raphael's oil-paintings in the Papal Gallery. Michelangelo's influence chiefly appears in the picture of "Apollo at the forge of Vulcan," which Velasquez painted while in Rome, and sent home to Philip IV. in Madrid. It was, however, in painting the actual life and people he saw around him that Velasquez's genius really excelled. Mythological, and even sacred, subjects were not his strong point; and thus the figures of the two deities and the attendant Cyclops have nothing divine, or even heroic, about them, but are merely skilful life-studies from the nude model, unreal and theatrical in style, in spite of Velasquez's powerful drawing and masterly treatment of the flesh. His other Roman work—"The Exhibition of Joseph's Coat to Jacob"—is even less successful. With regard to Velasquez's want of success as a painter of sacred subjects, one remarkable exception should be noted. His life-sized picture of the Crucifixion, now in the Madrid Gallery, is quite unsurpassed by any other painting of the same subject which has ever been produced. Nothing could exceed the skill with which he has combined the suggestion of Divine heroism with the pathos of human suffering; and the dark background, unrelieved by any accessory figures, suggesting the loneliness of the Saviour's despairing agony at the supreme moment of His suffering, heightens the effect of the great tragedy to an extent which none can realize who have not seen the work itself. Still, on the whole, we may be thankful that Velasquez's life was spent in the service of Philip IV. In Spain there was no general love for painting, and the Church was the only possible patron besides the King for an artist in the seventeenth century. Hence the alternative would have been for Velasquez's powers to have been expended on the uncongenial employment of painting altar-pieces for churches—a class of subjects which suited the talents of Velasquez's pupil Murillo well enough, but would have utterly failed to develop the special genius of the older Spaniard.

On his return to Spain in 1630 Velasquez remained for an unbroken period of eighteen years constantly working at the Spanish Court, and during this time many of his noblest portraits were painted. In 1648 Velasquez paid a second visit to Italy, visiting, as before, Venice first of all, where he was commissioned by Philip IV. to buy any fine examples of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese that were to be had. Even at that time picture-collecting was beset with snares, and a regular manufactory of spurious paintings seems to have been in active work, so that comparatively few purchases were then made by Velasquez. During the Jubilee year of 1650 Velasquez went on to Rome, where Innocent X. was occupying the Papal throne. The portrait which Velasquez painted of the Pope, now in the Doria Palace in Rome, is in some ways the most remarkable of all his works, and for vigorous truth of expression and marvellous technical skill in every touch of the brush is hardly rivalled by any other portrait in the world. By pure artistic means the coarse-featured, unintellectual face of Innocent X. becomes interesting, and, in a fashion, æsthetically beautiful.

Moreover, from the decorative point of view, the painting occupies the very highest rank. Even Mr. Ruskin, whose natural leaning is towards a very different style of painting, remarks that "everything that Velasquez does may be taken as absolutely right by the student." The following year, in 1651, Velasquez returned to Spain, where he remained till his death in 1660. To this last decade belong two of the noblest subject-pictures in the Prado Gallery—the "Group of Court Ladies" ("Las meninas") and the "Weavers" ("Las hilanderas"). It was not till a year before his death that Velasquez received from his King one of the highest honours to which a Spaniard could attain—the Cross of the Order of Santiago. No one but a *hidalgo* had ever before received this Order, and, in deference to public opinion, Philip IV. had to ennoble Velasquez's family, and to cause him to make a declaration that he had never sold his pictures—meaning that he had painted them as an act of service to his King, his reward having been in the form of a regular salary, augmented by occasional gifts of money in return for special pictures.

Dr. Justi's work contains not only a carefully-written account of Velasquez's life and works, but also is interspersed with a great deal of matter which has but a remote connexion with the main subject, such as *excursus* on the old Spanish painters, on the royal palace and the city of Madrid, the Buen Retiro palace, the royal parks, and other more or less irrelevant matter, which in some respects would have been better treated in a separate volume. Professor Keane's work as a translator is, on the whole, carefully done; but in many passages there is a serious lack of clearness of expression, and a good many worse than doubtful "English" words occur, such as "riverain tracts," "calceate friars," "discalceate nunnery," and the like. On the whole, the book is a very valuable one, and contains a large amount of otherwise inaccessible matter, to collect which must have been the result of many years of labour and research.

HISTORY OF AMERICA.*

ALTHOUGH the first as regards the order of the work to which it belongs, this volume of Mr. Winsor's History is the seventh and last but one in date of publication. Its subject is described on the title-page as "Aboriginal America"; but it also deals with some other matters, and is unequal in interest and in execution. It begins with a long bibliographical introduction, which will serve to prepare future readers for the disproportionate amount of space allotted in the later volumes to the enumeration of the materials for American history as compared with the space occupied by historical narrative. This introduction is written by the editor, who divides it into two parts. In the first part he descants on bibliographies and libraries devoted to "Americana." After noticing the earliest lists of authorities, he gives a short account of Obadiah Rich, a Boston man, who, during a residence in Spain in 1815 and some later years, acquired a remarkable collection of books bearing on American history. He afterwards became a bookseller in London; he was a dealer of some note, and to his influence may be traced the practice, which has since his time prevailed pretty widely among his fellow-countrymen, of forming libraries consisting exclusively of books on America. Mr. Winsor speaks appreciatively of the work accomplished by Harris, Sabin, and others; but makes a somewhat bitter attack on Mr. H. H. Bancroft and on his new series of Histories. The literary squabble between Mr. Bancroft and Mr. L. H. Morgan should not, we think, have been recorded here, and the tone which Mr. Winsor adopts in what he says of Mr. Bancroft and of the later volumes produced under his name is, in our opinion, much to be regretted. The Second Part of the Introduction consists of an exhaustive essay on the "Early Descriptions of America and Collective Accounts of the Early Voyages thereto." Mr. Tillinghast, in his chapter on the "Geographical Knowledge of the Ancients considered in Relation to the Discovery of America," points out that the myths of Greek and Latin literature and the reports of early voyagers do not contain anything which implies a knowledge of America; though, after the discovery of the Western Continent, the students of the "newly-found classics" naturally discerned references to it in their books. The story of Atlantis, which was held by the early Platonists to be a myth invented or used by their master for the purpose of allegorical argument, and which was, of course, unknown during the middle ages, was thus invested with a special meaning, and was, according to Ortelius, held by Mercator and others to refer to America. In our own day the results of the deep-sea soundings in the Atlantic have led Mr. Ignatius Donnelly and others to imagine that Plato's story was in all essentials true, and to declare their belief in the prehistoric existence of Atlantis, which, according to their ideas, would have formed a kind of link between the Old and New Worlds. On this and on other kindred matters Mr. Tillinghast writes pleasantly and with sound judgment. His essay is thoughtful and suggestive; but we are astonished to find him deciding that there is strong evidence that the Phœnicians carried on a direct trade for tin with Britain. In this matter he is certainly mistaken; there is good reason for refusing to believe that any such trade ever existed.

* *Narrative and Critical History of America.* Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low & Co., Limited. 1889.

The next two chapters are contributed by the editor. We have before this had occasion to remark on the extraordinary clumsiness of Mr. Winsor's writing. His work in this volume is disfigured by all his usual faults of style; so many of his sentences are awkwardly put together that it is positively painful to read his essays. He gives a short account of the voyages of the Northmen from Iceland to Greenland, and from Greenland to a country which they named Vinland, and points out that it is extremely probable that they landed somewhere on the American mainland to the south of Greenland. Their settlements in Greenland were grouped round two centres; the eastern colony was, it is said, abandoned about 1342 for fear of the Eskimos, the western did not perhaps become extinct until the beginning of the fifteenth century. The authorities for the Vinland voyages and the opinions which modern writers have held concerning them are fully discussed in a critical essay. Mr. Winsor has, however, failed to quote, or to benefit by, the remarks of the late Mr. Vigfusson in the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, on the authorship of the "Heimskringla," which he attributes absolutely to Snorri Sturlason. He notices and examines at such length as they respectively deserve the claims of Welshmen, Dutchmen, Venetians, Basques, and Jews to be considered as the earliest colonists of America, and gives a history of the cartography of Greenland, illustrated with several curious reproductions of ancient maps. His paper on the traditions of the early history of Mexico and Central America shows how entirely almost every point is matter of conjecture. We have a tradition of a primitive empire, and good ground for believing in a migration of the Nahu peoples, according to Mr. Bancroft, from the south northwards, or, as the early Spanish writers and their modern followers assert, from the north southwards. With the coming of one of these peoples, the Toltecs—if, indeed, they were a people, and not a dynasty—to the Mexican tableland, "in the sixth century or thereabouts," Mexican history may be said to begin. The Toltec power fell into decay in the eleventh century, and soon afterwards Anáhuac was overrun by Chichimecs. Finally, the Aztecs, "a part of the great Nahu immigration," which had dallied behind the rest, came to the front, allied themselves with the Colhuas, a section of the Toltecs which still retained some power, and founded Mexico. In the fifteenth century Mexico entered into a confederation with two other States in Anáhuac, and steadily increased in strength; until at the accession of the second Montezuma the Aztecs were at the height of their power. There were, however, as Mr. Winsor points out, elements of weakness in the Empire, and of these Cortés was prompt to take advantage. The "so-called civilization" which the Spaniards found in Mexico is made the subject of a note or kind of appendix to the essay. While the account of the ancient political institutions of the Mexicans embodied in Prescott's work is now generally held to be exaggerated, many scholars, with Mr. Bancroft at their head, consider that the stories of their magnificence are in the main true. On the other hand, Morgan contended that the Indians of Spanish America had not at the time of the Conquest risen above a high level, or, as Mr. Winsor queerly puts it, "the upper status," of barbarism. By far the most readable part of the volume is the chapter on the Inca civilization of Peru by Mr. Clements Markham, who writes from fulness of knowledge—our readers will scarcely need to be reminded of his two books on Peru—and from the experience of a traveller in the country. He brings forward the maize, the potatoes, the llamas, and the alpacas of Peru as witnesses to the length of time during which the Inca nations had been a settled and partially civilized race. Before the period of their power there had existed a mighty Empire which has left records of itself in the cyclopean ruins and the carvings at Tiahuanacu and elsewhere. This early Empire fell to pieces in the ninth century, and five hundred years passed before the work of reunion was begun by the Incas, whose "civilization was a revival rather than a creation." The succession of the last ten Inca sovereigns is clearly ascertained, and Mr. Markham is able to present us with a coherent account of "the general features of the rise of the Inca ascendancy." He describes their religion, their sacred festivals, and their priestly and learned castes. To their capital, Cuzco, were brought such vast quantities of gold as tribute from all parts of the Empire that a garden was "planted with models of leaves, fruit, and stalks made of pure gold." Some of these golden models have been seen and drawn by Mr. Markham. His essay ends with an admirable record of the architecture, polity, and social life of the Incas. In his note on his sources of information he has included an interesting sketch of the life of the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, "the first authority on the civilization of his ancestors."

Mr. George Ellis writes on the relations between the Red Indians and the English and French down to the Conspiracy of Pontiac. His paper, though rather wordy, is pleasant reading. It seems, however, somewhat out of place here, as it goes over ground which has been covered more or less satisfactorily in later volumes; it would surely have been a better arrangement if room had been found for what Mr. Ellis has to say in some other part of the work, and we had in this volume been given a treatise on the customs, myths, and tribal organization of the Indians. The pre-historic archaeology of North America is treated by Mr. W. H. Haynes, who crowds his paper with far too many extracts from other writers. He establishes the existence of Palæolithic man in North America by the relics of him discovered in the Delaware Valley near Trenton, points out the differ-

ence between these rude objects and implements skilfully chipped from jasper and quartz, and argues that "on the waters of the Delaware man developed from the Palæolithic to the Neolithic stage of culture." Rejecting the idea that we may reckon the Eskimos as the descendants of the primitive population of the country, he maintains that Palæolithic man and his argillite-using posterity are completely extinct. The amount of space which he has devoted to quotations and to criticizing the views of other anthropologists has forced him to leave some parts of his subject, such as the ethnology of the mound-builders, almost untouched. A note by the editor on the progress of opinion concerning the antiquity of man in America contains a statement of the conflicting opinions which have been advanced with reference to the Calaveras skull discovered in 1866, the mounds, and other matters. Some American geologists appear still to contend that the Calaveras skull is an evidence of the existence of man in the Tertiary age, while Professor Boyd Dawkins, whose words are quoted here, declares confidently that "neither in the new world nor the old world is there any trace of Pliocene man revealed by modern discovery." The volume ends with a series of bibliographical excursions by Mr. Winsor on publications on the antiquities of America, the industries of its early inhabitants, their language, myths, and religion, together with an account of archaeological museums and periodicals. These treatises, like others by the same author, are evidences of an extraordinary industry and an exhaustive acquaintance with the literature of the subject with which they are concerned.

OLD ENGLISH CATHOLIC MISSIONS.*

IN a volume, well printed on paper of prodigious thickness, in an ugly cover, Mr. John Orlebar Payne has added one more to the already embarrassing number of "books which are not books," and it is a fair enough work of its kind. It consists mainly of extracts from the registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths, kept by priests at Roman Catholic Mission stations in England during the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and the early part of the nineteenth centuries. In the year 1836 a Royal Commission was instituted for the purpose of inquiring "into the state, custody, and authenticity of any such Records of Births or Baptisms, Deaths or Burials, and Marriages lawfully solemnized," as had been kept in England and Wales, "other than the Parochial Registers." In the following year a secretary was appointed to write to Nonconformist ministers who had charge of such Registers requesting them to deliver them up. Among others he wrote to the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in England and Wales. Of these there were only four at that time—namely, the Vicars-Apostolic of the Western, Northern, London, and Midland Districts. These Bishops, the Report of the Commission states, declined at first to part with their Registers, "partly on account of the omissions and defects incident to records made and preserved for so many years, with so much danger and difficulty under the severe pressure of the penal laws, and partly also on account of the practical inconvenience that would result from depriving the Roman Catholic clergy of the custody of Records to which frequent reference is made for purposes purely religious and canonical." Nevertheless, within two years—that is to say, towards the end of the year 1840—seventy-eight old Catholic Mission registers were forwarded by the bishops and clergy to the authorities at Somerset House. The Registrar-General appears to have written to Cardinal Wiseman in 1856 with a view to obtaining another consignment of Catholic registers; but the Cardinal objected, on account of the "almost continual applications" which were "made from the Continent and from America" "for certificates of baptism, confirmation, and marriage, both for legal and (still oftener) for ecclesiastical purposes." He observed that persons about to receive orders or to marry required the two first, and that the third was often wanted to determine succession. Mr. Payne's book is chiefly, although not entirely, a summary of the seventy-eight registers that were sent to Somerset House. To what extent such a work deserves the title of *Old English Catholic Missions* may be open to question. So far as the matter of the book is concerned, it is of unquestionable value as affording material for the historian; but it is rather dry as it stands, and, without any previous knowledge of the subject, a reader might wade through it without being very much the wiser about old Catholic Missions. We should be sorry to go so far as to call Mr. John Orlebar Payne a literary jackal, useful as such animals are; but, while we readily acknowledge his abilities as a collector of records hitherto unnoticed, we could wish that he would enliven them with a little more original matter; for, judging from the prefaces of his books, he could do so well enough if he chose.

It may not be universally known that, according to an Act of Parliament of the time of James I., those who were married "otherwise than in some open church or chapel, and otherwise than according to the orders of the Church of England, by a minister lawfully authorized," were unable to hold any freehold; and that "every Popish Recusant" was liable to a fine of 100*l.* if he did not have his child baptized "in the open parish church" within one month of its birth. Against this law, which was probably allowed to fall more or less into disuse, the Catholics

* *Old English Catholic Missions*. By John Orlebar Payne. London: Burns & Oates. 1889.

made a stand; but occasionally a weak-kneed brother appears to have yielded, for we read an entry made by a priest in a register of the year 1769—"the 2 children were re-baptized at church. O tempora, O Parson, O Shame." Sometimes they went further still. There is an entry on December 16, 1776:—"Died at East Witton, some time in summer, Eliz. Jefferson, a Protestant, a Methodist, a Catholic, or, it is to be feared, nothing." "Foolishly married a Protestant" is a common entry in many of the Mission registers. At one Mission a family of the name of Pease seem to have been remarkable offenders in this respect, for we read "1779, Aug. 24, Betty Pease foolishly married a Protestant. 1780, April 5, Thomas Pease foolishly married a Protestant. 1780, June 14, Mary Pease foolishly married a Protestant." Losses from the fold were honestly acknowledged. Thus we find an entry in the same book, "1785, July 17, Apostatized, Elizabeth Pease." This was probably Betty. One very black sheep took advantage of the legal invalidity of a wedding in a Catholic church to repudiate his marriage altogether, for a priest makes this entry:—"Christopher Davison, of Yeldon, was married by me to Ann Frizzel of the same place, 10 July, 1786, and promised to be married at church the next day, but afterwards refused to be married to her or own her for his wife; he has since married another woman with whom he lives at present, and Ann Frizzel has married another man at Alnwick." This account of Christopher Davison and Ann Frizzel ought, we think, to have been accompanied by an editorial explanation; for, as it stands, it may mystify people who are unfamiliar with the regulations of the Roman Catholic Church. Indeed, it is sometimes asked why the Roman Catholic authorities in these days forbid a mixed marriage taking place anywhere but in a Catholic church, whereas some years ago the marriage used to take place first in a Catholic and afterwards in a Protestant church. The answer to this is very simple. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, a marriage was not valid in the eyes of the English law unless it took place in a church of the establishment; so the Mr. Davisons could throw over their Miss Frizzels for fresh wives whenever the whim seized them, without rendering themselves liable to any pains or penalties in this world. The so-called marriage in the Anglican church was therefore regarded by Roman Catholics simply as a civil ceremony. When, however, the law was made by which a registrar could attend the church or chapel of any denomination, and there perform the civil function, there was no longer any need for Catholics to go through the ceremony of marriage in a church of the establishment. We are writing from memory only; but we think that the custom continued for some time afterwards—it is proverbial that "Rome moves slowly." In due time, however, the necessity having ceased, the permission to go through the form of a second marriage in a Protestant place of worship was withdrawn absolutely. It is obvious that when the priest who made the Davison-Frizzel entry wrote of "Church," he meant the Established Church, and that by being "married," except in the first instance, he only intended to imply the civil function. One case is quoted of marriage by proxy. "Nov. 11, 1766. I assisted at the marriage by proxy of Nicholas White, Esq., of Orotava in Tenerife, and Miss Barbara Strickland, of Richmond. Simon Scroope, Esq., stood proxy."

Some of the entries of deaths are quaint and curious. For instance, "1824, Dec. 17. Ann Lewis, aged 31, drowned herself: she was somewhat in liquor." One person died of a "galloping consumption." In "1788, 26 Nov. Died, John Watson of Newcastle of the malignant smallpox: he came out of the town to avoid them, but brought them with him." Another person died "sine absolutione et sacri olei perceptione per negligentiam illorum habitantium cum illâ." Nelly Mudd's "reception of the last sacraments," on the contrary, "extends over 10 years." "R. in P." or "R. in pace" is commonly found after the entry of a death; but, in the case of a baptized child who died young, we find "Oret pro me." In 1686, "John Gabriell was reconciled y^e 6 of March, & having received all y^e rites of y^e Church died y^e next morning, but remained a week before he was buried because Parson Py had excommunicated him for being a Catholic, but at last he was buried at Monmouth." Those who share the impression that few Protestants in this country joined the Church of Rome until after the "Oxford Movement" will be surprised at observing the numbers of entries in the Mission registers of "receptions into the Church" during the last two hundred years. In one congregation of 82 communicants, 10 had been "received" within the year; out of 56 confirmations at another place, 27 were of converts; and, in some of the books, the registers of the baptisms of "converts sub conditione" equal, or even exceed, those of the infant children of Catholics. In certain instances a separate book was kept, headed "Reconciled to the Church," or "In Ecclesiam Recepti," or "Liber ab Hæresi Conversorum." In some Mission registers are pinned leaves taken from private Prayer-books, giving entries of an earlier date, such as "Mary Champney was bawm, 1765." Occasionally memoranda are found in the registers which can scarcely be classified under the headings of either "Baptizatorum, Conversorum, Confirmatorum, Matrimoniorum, Status Animarum, or Mortuorum." We allude to such entries as "June 9, 1814. Ice a shilling thick"; "Pulled down Thropton Hall, 4 June, 1811; covered the new house, Jan. 26, 1812; flitted into do. Dec. 7, 1812"; and "April 11, 1749. Began to take the York Courant." We may add that Mr. John Orlebar Payne

might with advantage have omitted the objectionable "Remedies against the Infection of Aer, sickness, &c.," which he has quoted from an old register, on p. 53.

The author gives some extracts from a Catholic Calendar printed in 1686. One of these states that, besides Sundays, there were, at that time, some twenty-seven "Days of Obligation for England," on which everybody was bound to hear mass unless unavoidably prevented, whereas in these days there are only eight. Then all Fridays were fast days, instead of mere days of abstinence, as they are at present, and all Saturdays were days of abstinence. In this Calendar there is a record of "Memorable observations." Among others is one stating that "0028 years" have passed "since Oliver, the late prodigious Tyrant and Regicide, was hurried into another world in a most outrageous Tempest and whirlwind, 3 Sep., 1658." A later calendar, called *The Laity's Directory*, published in 1791, warns people returning from abroad that "the importer or receiver of such things as crosses, pictures, *Ladies' Psalters*, Missals, Rosaries, Breviaries, &c., alike incurs a premonition." This reminds us that in an entry in an old Mission register now at Haverstock Hill, it is stated that in the year 1765 the rector of the parish in which it was kept warned a Catholic woman, who had not brought her baby to him to be baptized, of the fact that by the law of the land "it was death for a Popish Priest to exercise sacerdotal functions in England." In the issue of the already mentioned *Laity's Directory* for the year 1798 there is a remarkable "Exhortation to decent behaviour in chapel." The Faithful are recommended to avoid "the unclean trick of hawking, spitting, or spawling about"; "the Sex are prayed to forbear the unbecoming freedom of approaching to Communion with hats or bonnets on," since "St. Paul orders their heads to be covered but not muffled," and there are cautions against the "more than masculine boldness of stalking into church with *pattins on*, and of flinging them loudly on the floor when in it, as also against the shameful act of see-sawing in their chairs as if to court a nap." Altogether, *Old English Catholic Missions* is rather a book to hunt about in, for curious odds and ends, than one to read from cover to cover.

CHOPIN.*

THE half-dozen essays contained in this volume, the work of a young American enthusiast for modern German music, have apparently been published in New York periodical journals, but were, on the whole, worthy of issue in book form. The articles have their shortcomings. There is a lack of literary ease and grace about the style—for instance, on the second page, in the course of precisely a dozen lines the word "works" occurs no fewer than seven times, a clumsiness of phraseology which it might have been supposed could not possibly escape the attention of an essayist on such subjects as rhythm and melody; for prose has its melody—or occasionally has not—as well as verse. We have spoken of Mr. Finck as young without possessing any direct knowledge of his age, basing the supposition of his youth on his account of meeting on board a Transatlantic steamer a young lady who, he says, "frankly confessed she could not see any beauty in certain exquisite Wagnerian and Chopinesque modulations and harmonies which I played for her on the piano." The anecdote suggests juvenility on the part of the player, and we are inclined to draw the same deduction from a certain tone of cocksureness which is not an agreeable feature in Mr. Finck's essays—and yet Mr. W. D. Howells is not young, though he is more cocksure that he is right, and at the same time more habitually wrong on questions of taste, than any other three men in the United States; so our conjecture as to our author's years may be badly founded. If Mr. Finck proposes to continue the writing of essays, he will find, if he investigates the question, that a little more deference to the possible opinions of his readers—for sometimes readers venture to have opinions of their own—will be more convincing than the didactic air he assumes in the critical portions of his volume. He holds very strong views, however, and a great deal may be forgiven to honest enthusiasm, though perhaps the essayist is too emotional to speak with that calm judgment which the examination of artistic work demands. He describes, for instance, his sentiments on hearing a certain performance of *Siegfried* in New York:—"All the evening I sat trembling with excitement, and could not sleep for hours afterwards. I have for twelve years made a special study of the emotions, but I could not conceive any pleasure more intense and more prolonged than that of listening to such a music-drama. Is not such a pleasure worth cultivating, even if it involves some toil at first?" We are inclined, however, to think that, if a person really feel very deeply, he is not able to analyse, and subsequently write, an account of his emotions. We should like a little more ballast and a little less ardour; but we shall treat him with more deference than he seems to have been treated by the young lady on board the boat.

Mr. Finck, let us hasten to admit, is not a mere Wagnerian item, if the phraseology of another cult may be borrowed; for he is a most fervent admirer of Chopin, and in this respect differs from the modern German school; indeed, he blames its members and their predecessors for lack of appreciation of Chopin's music.

* *Chopin; and other Musical Essays.* By Henry T. Finck. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

The Germans, he maintains, are the *tonangebende* (the standard-setting) nation in music, and they have denied justice to the Slav master because their sympathies, being Teutonic, are anti-Slav. As a composer for the pianoforte and as a player on that instrument, Mr. Finck unhesitatingly places Chopin before all other *maestri*; and in this connexion he gives a description of the pianoforte as it was and is which will probably be new and interesting to many amateurs of music:—

The name of pianoforte was given about a century and a half ago to an instrument constructed by the Italian Cristofori, who devised a mechanism for striking the strings with hammers. In the older instruments—the clavicords and harpsichords—the strings were either snapped by means of crow's quills, or pushed with a tangent. The new hammer action not only brought a better tone out of the string, but enabled the pianist to play any note loud or soft at pleasure; hence the name *pianoforte*. But the pianoforte itself required many years before all its possibilities of tone-production were discovered. The instruments used by Mozart still had a thin short tone, and there was no pedal for prolonging it, except a clumsy one worked with the knee—a circumstance which greatly influenced Mozart's style, and is largely responsible for the fact that his pianoforte works are hardly ever played to-day in the concert-hall. For, as the tone could not be sustained, it was customary in Mozart's time to hide its meagre frame by means of a great profusion of runs and trills, and other ornaments, with which even the slow movements were disfigured. Under the circumstances, these ornaments were justifiable to some extent, but to-day they seem not only in bad taste, but entirely superfluous, because our improved instruments have a much greater power of sustaining tones.

Chopin's strength lay—and lies—in his determination to follow the bent of his own genius, with no sort of regard for conventionality. He was a great poet whose inspiration took musical shape, and he could well afford to escape from set rules with which inferior men tamper at their peril. We entirely agree with Liszt that the *tempo rubato* was the unique characteristic of Chopin's style, though it is, of course, the fact that the *rubato* had been practised two centuries before Chopin was born. He scorned the idea of being academic, and broke away from the accepted theory of musical accent as only the genius can afford to do. We are not inclined, however, to adopt the author's argument that "the psychology of the sonata form is wrong," concerning which an explanation is provided. "Men and women," it is argued, "do not feel happy for ten minutes, as in the opening *allegro* of a sonata; then melancholy for another ten minutes, as in the following *adagio*; then frisky, as in the *scherzo*; and, finally, fiery and impetuous, as in the *finale*. The movements of our minds are seldom so systematic as this." This is urged in order to justify the varying light and shade of Chopin, and to a great extent it is true enough; but the question is not how the ordinary movements of the mind are commonly influenced by fleeting fancy, but the degree in which a master can, by the aid of his art, compel exhilaration while his *allegro* lasts, and induce sadness when the *adagio* succeeds. It is not what we may feel in everyday life, but what we can be made to feel; and there are various reasons why we dispute the statement that "in the present day the sonata may be regarded as obsolete"; nor can we accept the arbitrary division of "musical people" into two classes, "those who find their chief delight in melody pure and simple, and those who think that rich and varied harmony is the soul of music." Surely there can be no doubt that the vast majority of music lovers belong to neither class, but to a third division, whose delight is in a combination of melody and harmony? Harmonies must be founded on, or derived from, a melodious theme, or they have no more value than a vague and incoherent collection of chords, without even a well-defined modulation to give them coherence. Melody, on the other hand, is infinitely enriched by harmony. In which of his two categories would Mr. Finck rank the finest of familiar four-part songs? "Modulation is a deeper source of emotional expression than melody," the author says again; but here we cannot admit the cogency of the comparison. Modulation, it seems to us, is rather an invaluable adjunct of melody, using the latter word in its fullest sense. We are, nevertheless, in cordial agreement with him in his deep admiration for Chopin, whose enhanced popularity, however, we should regard with some apprehension. For the reason that, if Chopin became the fashion, we should inevitably be afflicted by the ill-directed efforts of poor performers, who would attempt tasks the accomplishment of which they would be ludicrously and painfully unable to achieve.

The second essay on "How Composers Work" contains a good deal with which readers who are versed in musical biography will find themselves well acquainted. The collection of examples is, however, well made, and tends, as might have been imagined, to the conclusion that composers work in very various fashions. On occasions Mr. Finck writes rubbish—to say the plain thing in a plain way—as, for instance, when he comments on a letter from Mrs. Haweis, describing her visions of "a flight of pink roses floating in a mass from right to left." Apart from the fact that no one on earth, except Mrs. Haweis's friends and relations, can be in the slightest degree interested in what that lady fancied she saw, it may be asked what her visual illusions have to do with the question of how composers work? An interesting point is touched on, however, when Mr. Finck collocates evidence to show how great musicians find a direct means of expressing their sensations by the aid of their art. Thus when Mendelssohn first visited Fingal's Cave he wrote a letter enclosing twenty bars of music, "to show how extraordinarily the place affected me," as he explained, and it is recorded that when staying in an English country house he improvised in the evenings, founding his themes

on the impressions which the scenery had made upon him. "The Rivulet," for example, was a recollection of an actual stream. Other anecdotes are too well known to be quoted. If in some cases the receptivity of a composer's mind is shown, in others it is marvellous how little surroundings have affected certain musicians. Men who are easily distracted will read with amazement how on one occasion when Mozart was at work on an opera "he wrote as fast as his hands could travel, although in one adjoining room there was a singing teacher, in another a violinist, and opposite an oboist, all in full blast." Wagner, as the world is aware, was accustomed to dress himself in mediæval attire, to write in rooms with stained-glass windows, and to do other odd things. Mr. Finck protests that "much nonsense has been written concerning the fact that Wagner used to wear gaudy costumes of silk and satin while he was composing;" but we do not know to what "nonsense" reference is made. We have read statements of the circumstance that he did so dress himself, and the statements are correct. Mr. Finck, who is the most ardent of devotees, declares that "the wonderful realism and vividness of his [Wagner's] dramatic conceptions certainly more than justify the unusual methods he pursued to attain them," and this may be, though we can scarcely think that Wagner's works would have been less admirable had they been composed by the master in coat and trousers.

The essay on Schumann deals rather with the man than the composer, and here again we come across much that is familiar. It is curious to observe how Schumann wavered in his opinion of *Tannhäuser*. At first he would not have it at all. "The music is not a straw better than that of *Rienzi*, rather weaker, more artificial!" he wrote, and seven years later—in 1852—he declared that Wagner's music was "simply amateurish, void of contents, and disagreeable." He thought it "a sad proof of corrupt taste that, in the face of the many dramatic master-works which Germany has produced, some persons have the presumption to belittle them in favour of Wagner's." Schumann was at the time when he wrote this a man of forty-three, surely of matured judgment, and if a musician of his eminence, a German, moreover, and a critic used to weigh his words and accept responsibility, could thus deliver himself, those who have not at the present day wholly given themselves over to the worship of Wagner may be comforted by the reflection that, if they are barbarians, Schumann was a barbarian also. Mr. Finck has a hard task, when he comes to consider "Italian and German Vocal Styles," to make out a good case for his beloved Germany, and he is delightfully naïve in his plea that we ought not to mind very much if German vocalists sing a good deal out of tune, as he practically confesses—a confession not to be avoided—that they very often do. "If one of these dramatic singers makes the slightest lapse from tonal beauty (which may be even called for) he is judged as unmercifully as if he were a representative of the *bel canto*, whose art consists in a mere voice without emotion—*vox et præterea nihil*," he complains—though we do not quite catch the drift of the words in brackets. It is, however, absurd to speak as if it were generally agreed that the Italian tenor is not called upon to exhibit emotion and, in fact, to impersonate character. Frequently, no doubt, he falls very short in these requirements; but he, no less than his German rival, must, to achieve success, act and impart dramatic power and force to aria and recitative—probably Mr. Finck does not realize how much expression can be given by an artist of real power to the Italian recitative which this fervid adherent of all that is German no doubt despises. The author rejoices greatly in the thought that Italian opera cannot be made to pay in New York, but that German opera, by the aid of "stockholders"—that is to say, subscribers for boxes, who are more or less guarantors—is represented; but that German opera is remunerative he does not pretend. The expenses of the season 1886-7 were about 442,000 dollars, the receipts 235,000 dollars, "thus necessitating an assessment of 2,500 dollars on each stockholder"—after he had paid for his box. Some of the stockholders also candidly express their preference for Italian music, and talk through German performances till the occupants of the parquet rise in wrath and hiss; and he urges that "those of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera House who indulge in loud conversation while the music goes on should remember that it is their pecuniary interest to preserve quiet." If the future of German opera in New York depends upon these stockholders, we are afraid it is in a bad way.

INDO-BURMA-CHINA RAILWAY CONNEXION.*

THE battle of the railway routes to Western China seems to possess all the vitality and vigour of our old friend the battle of the gauges. No supporters of the narrow-gauge system could be more earnest in exposing the inconveniences of the rival system than the advocates of the Bhamo route are in marshalling every objection that is to be found against the Siamese line; and with equal ardour the promoters of the Siamese route contrast the advantages of their scheme with the difficulties, represented by the passes, gorges, and precipices, which mark the proposed line from Bhamo and Yunnanfu. But, though diametrically

* *Indo-Burma-China Railway Connexion, a Pressing Necessity. With a few Remarks on Communications in and with Burma, Past and Present.* London: Blackwood & Sons; E. Stanford.

opposed as to the route of the future, there are points on which both sides join hands. They both regard the opening of Western China to European commerce as "a pressing necessity," and they both emphasize the fact that the initiative in any proposal must come from the merchants and manufacturers. It is primarily in the interest of these men that a new market is required; and it is only right and proper therefore that, having made up their minds as to which line would best serve their purposes, they should bestir themselves to put in motion the slow wheels of the Indian Government.

Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. Holt Hallett, the promoters of the Siamese line, have visited the mercantile districts, advocating their proposal before Chambers of Commerce, meetings of working-men, and scientific Societies; while their opponents appear to content themselves with such counterblasts as the pamphlet before us. We could wish that the author of the present work had been less declamatory and more practical. Such a question as this has to be decided by hard facts, and not by expressions of opinion. It is one of great importance to us as a nation; and it behoves all who are capable of forming a judgment on it to weigh carefully the *pros* and *cons* of each scheme. Briefly stated, these are as follows:—From time immemorial there have been two foreign trade routes from the province of Yunnan—one into Burma by Talifu and Bhamo on the west, and the other into Siam by Szemao on the south. The first of these routes has now the advantage of leading directly into British territory; but it has the disadvantage of having in its course to cross ranges of mountains so precipitous and high that men and beasts of burden are alone able to traverse them. The distance between Bhamo and Yunnanfu as the crow flies is 360 miles, and, with the exception of the short distance—the writer of the present work says 37 miles—from Bhamo to the Chinese frontier, the entire road lies over mountains and through abysses. Speaking of this route, Mr. Baber, who travelled over it, says:—

The trade route from Yunnanfu to Têng-yueh (about 280 out of the 360 miles) is the worst possible route with the least possible trade. It is actually dangerous to a cautious pedestrian. . . . By an improved system of paving, and a better selection of gradients, the route might be made convenient enough for carriage by mules or coolies, but it seems hopeless to think of making it practicable for wheel carriages. The valleys, or rather abysses, of the Salween and Mekong must long remain insuperable difficulties, not to mention many other obstacles. I do not mean [he adds] that it would be impossible to construct a railway. A high authority has informed me that, if shareholders will provide money, they will always find an engineer to spend it. By piercing half a dozen Mont Cenis tunnels, and erecting a few Menai bridges, the road from Burma to Yunnanfu would doubtless be much improved.

This is not the opinion of one traveller only, but of all who have made the journey. Dr. C. Williams, Mr. Margery, Dr. Anderson, and others speak with horror of the rough, dangerous, and incomparably bad roads, and fully confirm Mr. Baber's hardest sayings concerning them. It is to be observed, also, that the whole of this portion of the route, and more also, lies through Chinese territory, and as it is only suggested, both by Mr. Holt Hallett and the author of the present pamphlet, that the proposed railways, whether from Bhamo or from Maulmain, should go as far as the Chinese frontier, it follows that the trade route would be scarcely affected by the line. Such a railroad would be a convenience, but nothing more, and to make it with the idea that it would solve the difficulties of the route would be like attempting to cross a torrent by making a pathway to its brink.

But, in addition to these physical difficulties, there are, as the telegraph has lately informed us, serious obstacles arising from the presence of Kakhyen, Shan, and Karen tribes in the fastnesses bordering on the route. It was these men who discomfited and drove back Colonel Browne in 1874, and it is these men who have now blocked the trade along the road. Plunder is to these tribesmen what cattle-lifting used to be to moss-troopers over the borders. For many centuries they have held control of the passes, and have only foregone violence towards travellers when blackmailing has offered a safer and more profitable alternative. The weakness of the Chinese authority in the extremities of the empire has practically left them a free hand, and Nature has provided them with countless coigns of vantage from which they can pounce down with effect on unsuspecting and insufficiently-armed merchants. The main length of the road abounds with places where almost any "three might make a new Thermopylæ"; and, in considering the route, it is of primary importance that these restless marauders should be brought into the account. At present the Indian Government appears inclined to treat them with fatuous indifference, and so little heed has it taken of their doings that its representatives in Burma were unaware that the trade from Yunnan had been stopped by them until Mr. Baber arrived at Bhamo and reported the fact. It seems never to have occurred to the Indian Government that, now that our borders adjoin those of China, it behoves us to have an efficient staff of interpreters who shall be able to communicate with the Chinese merchants who congregate at Bhamo and other places. At present Messrs. Baber and Warry are the only two officials in Burma who speak Chinese, and these gentlemen are only temporarily borrowed for special duty from the Chinese Consular service. The curious indifference shown by the officials in Burma, as illustrated by these facts, towards the one trade route to China which they are said to favour, makes us little inclined to accept their dicta concerning its advantages compared with those of other roads.

Turning now to the alternative route we find the conditions

different. If we take Yunnanfu as our starting point we see that, instead of crossing any such ranges as those which separate the province of Yunnan from Burma, the road lies over the plateau which, rising from the banks of the Yang-tze-kiang, stretches southwards to the frontier, whence it gradually subsides into the Siamese plain. This is the old trade route between China and Siam, and is thus described in an ancient Chinese topographical history:—

The lower route for tribute elephants leads from Chintung to Ch'enyuanfu, one day's journey, and then in two days enters the district of Ch'eli. Two days more brings the traveller to P'u-erh, which is subject to Ch'eli. This region produces tea, and contains a lofty and beautiful hill called Mingkwang, on which a chief of Ch'eli resides. In two days more a great river is reached, making a bend round some three hundred miles of country, in which elephants breed. . . . Travelling from Ch'eli eight days' journey to the south-west, one reaches Papesefu ('eight hundred wives,' the modern Muang Yong), a country abounding in temples and pagodas. Every village possesses a temple, every temple a pagoda; there are 10,000 villages and 10,000 pagodas. One month's journey to the south-west lies Laochua (the Shan country of Chandaputri). . . . Fifteen or sixteen days westward brings one to the shore of the western sea in Pegu.

A line of railway connected with this route from Bangkok to Szemao on the Chinese frontier would meet with no more serious obstructions than are encountered and overcome on any of the Highland railways. So far as Kianghsen, on the Mekong, it would for the most part be through large fertile plains, the summit of the few passes in no place exceeding 845 feet. Through the Shan States on the north, where the country is more broken, greater difficulty might possibly be experienced; but here, again, the line would pass through the plains skirting the Mekong, and would not present any grave obstacle. In the course thus indicated the railway would traverse the British Shan States, containing a population of a million and a half, the Siamese Shan States, containing a population of two millions, and Siam, containing a population of five millions. It would pass through Kianghung, Kianghsen, Kiangtung, Raheng, and other considerable towns, and would traverse fertile plains in the neighbourhood, in many parts, of extensive teak forests.

Such a line would, however, not connect Burma with China, and it is, therefore, a part of the scheme of Messrs. Colquhoun and Hallett to construct a railway between Maulmain in Burma and Raheng on the route indicated. This portion of the line would be carried over the same range of mountains which present such serious obstacles on the road from Bhamo to Yunnanfu, but as these huge barriers approach the sea they lower their crests, and lose much of the rugged character which marks their northern course. The highest pass to be crossed at this point would not be more than two thousand four hundred feet above the sea-level, and the possible gradients are such as to make the road a comparatively easy one.

So far, then, as physical difficulties are concerned, there can be no comparison between the two routes, and the main obstacle on which the critic of the present pamphlet and those who think with him lay emphasis is, that a portion of the route would lie through Siamese territory. This is unquestionably a drawback, and if it could have been carried through British territory exclusively it would certainly have been preferable; but in other parts of the world connected lines of railway run through different States, being dependent only on arrangements made by the Governments interested; and though possibly there may not be any case exactly parallel to the one now proposed, there is no reason to believe that the Siamese Government would turn a deaf ear to any reasonable proposal that the Government of India might make on the subject. As was lately pointed out in these columns (May 18), the King has shown his interest in the matter by sanctioning a new survey of the line by Sir Andrew Clarke; and if both Governments were in earnest there would be no difficulty in establishing a *modus operandi*. But, as the writer of the present pamphlet points out, merchants and manufacturers must not sit at home expecting everything to be done for them. They must be up and doing; and, as it is admitted on all sides that a railway connexion between Burma and China is a "pressing necessity," they must not rest until British goods can be carried by train from the British port to the Chinese frontier.

DARWINISM.*

DOES the fable of "The Three Black Crows" still lurk in any elementary reading-book? Or does a certain round game ("Russian Scandal" it used to be called) still relieve the dreariness of certain drawing-rooms? A statement or short tale is written down by number one, and then whispered to his neighbour, and so it goes round the circle, and in its final shape is compared with the original; the unlikeness is generally ludicrous and startling. So it has been with Darwinism. In some of its phases it has got beyond all recognition; it is totally unlike the simple theory that left the hands of its author. We do not refer to the extreme stage to which it has been carried by Haeckel and other Continental biologists; that may be regarded by some as the natural and logical outcome of the original Darwinian theory. In popular treatises, in magazine articles, in

* *Darwinism: an Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection; with some of its Applications.* By Alfred Russel Wallace, L.L.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

polemics, in the expositions of professed disciples, and in the attacks of prejudiced opponents, Darwin's theory of "the origin of species by means of natural selection and the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life" has in too many cases been completely misrepresented and travestied. Not only so, but ambitious young biologists, professing the profoundest reverence for the man they call master, but with an ill-concealed and not altogether illegitimate hope that the world may vote them into his place, have picked holes in the theory that took the thinking world by storm, have more or less directly tried to prove that it is inadequate, and that something they have hit upon is the very thing Darwin was in search of, but failed to find. One of the latest of these theories was propounded with a great flourish of trumpets; Darwin, we were told, was "played out"; his theory had served its purpose, and must take a subordinate place to the new hypothesis which was to solve all the puzzles of Nature. True, we were told that the new theory was only meant to be supplementary to that of Darwin; but if accepted as propounded, then Darwin had gone seriously astray. But we need not slay the slain.

Thus the mass of intelligent people interested in the progress of science have either been sorely puzzled or have imbibed the most defective and erroneous notions of what Darwinism really is. To correct these notions, to give a clear and simple exposition of what is the Darwinism of Darwin, is the task which Mr. Wallace has set himself, and which he has accomplished with a success which probably no one else could attain. Mr. Wallace's peculiar relation to Darwinism specially fits him for the service he has performed to his old friend and to the more thoughtful section of the reading public. It can never be forgotten that the two men, living on opposite sides of the world, quite unknown to each other, and quite ignorant of each other's pursuits, propounded simultaneously a theory of the origin of species which was practically identical. But there was no rivalry between them. While Mr. Wallace continued to work on his own lines, and to make valuable contributions to the new theory, he loyally acknowledged that the elaboration of its salient features could not be in better hands than those of the man who could afford to make it his life-work. With equal loyalty he comes forward now to tell us what Darwin's theory really is. He does not hesitate to supplement Darwin's illustrations with further facts, nor even to indicate the very few points in which he differs from some of the applications of the theory; but the book, as a whole, may be taken as a *résumé* of the volumes in which Darwin propounded and illustrated the doctrine which goes by his name. Mr. Wallace's volume may be taken as a faithful exposition of what Darwin meant. It is written with perfect clearness, with a simple beauty and attractiveness of style not common to scientific works, with a dignity and freedom from anything like personal bitterness worthy of Darwin himself, and with an orderliness and completeness that must render misconception impossible.

Mr. Wallace begins by recalling the precise title of Darwin's great work, which we have given above, and which ought to be constantly borne in mind. He then briefly tells us what attempts had previously been made to solve the great problem of the origin of species by Lamarck and others, and we do not remember to have seen the various stages so clearly stated, and the distinction pointed out between these and the solution advanced by Darwin, which at once commended itself to all inquirers in the same field, and within a marvellously short time almost revolutionized our ways of looking at the universe. He then, with admirable precision, clearness, and brevity, states what the theory of Natural Selection really is. The passage is worth quoting as a specimen of Mr. Wallace's style, and as an authoritative statement of the theory:—

The theory of Natural Selection rests on two main classes of facts which apply to all organized beings without exception, and which thus take rank as fundamental principles or laws. The first is, the power of rapid multiplication in a geometrical progression; the second, that the offspring always vary slightly from the parents, though generally very closely resembling them. From the first fact or law there follows, necessarily, a constant struggle for existence; because, while the offspring always exceed the parents in number, generally to an enormous extent, yet the total number of living organisms in the world does not, and cannot, increase year by year. Consequently, every year, on the average, as many die as are born, plants as well as animals; and the majority die premature deaths. They kill each other in a thousand different ways; they starve each other by some consuming the food that others want; they are destroyed largely by the powers of nature—by cold and heat, by rain and storm, by flood and fire. There is thus a perpetual struggle among them which shall live and which shall die; and the struggle is tremendously severe, because so few can possibly remain alive—one in five, one in ten, often only one in a hundred, or even in a thousand. Then comes the question, Why do some live rather than others? If all the individuals of each species were exactly alike in every respect, we could only say it is a matter of chance. But they are not alike. We find that they vary in many different ways. Some are stronger, some swifter, some harder in constitution, some more cunning. An obscure colour may render concealment more easy for some, keener sight may enable others to discover prey or escape from an enemy better than their fellows. Among plants the smallest differences may be useful or the reverse. The earliest and strongest shoots may escape the slug; their greater vigour may enable them to flower and seed earlier in a wet autumn; plants best armed with spines or hairs may escape being devoured; those whose flowers are most conspicuous may be sooner fertilized by insects. We cannot doubt that, on the whole, any beneficial variation will give the possessors of it a greater probability of living through the tremendous ordeal they have to undergo. There may be something left to chance; but, on the whole, the fittest will survive.

The second chapter of the book is devoted to illustrations of the struggle for existence. This concludes with an eloquent and

touching section on the ethical aspect of the struggle. But, however fine the passage may be, it must be pointed out that Mr. Wallace has here allowed himself to wander from the subject, and to introduce considerations which have no bearing on the Darwinian theory. One of the most instructive and suggestive chapters is that which follows—"The Variability of Species in a State of Nature." Mr. Wallace points out that people generally—and it was so to some extent with Darwin himself—have no idea of the extent to which variations occur among individuals of the same species; it is hardly possible to find two individuals among the same progeny that precisely resemble each other. This has been quite recently proved in the most precise manner by an American naturalist, and Mr. Wallace illustrates the subject by a large number of diagrams, which are a great help to the understanding of the text. "Individual variability is a general character of all common and widespread species of animals or plants; and, further, this variability extends, as far as we know, to every part and organ, whether external or internal, as well as to every mental faculty." Variations are thus more widespread and occur far more rapidly than Darwin himself supposed; and the importance of the fact will be recognized when it is remembered how fundamentally important is the factor of variation in the basis of Darwin's theory.

But it is unnecessary to follow Mr. Wallace throughout all the chapters in which he summarizes, expounds, and illustrates the varied researches of Darwin in applying and amplifying his theory. Four chapters are devoted to colour and ornamentation in their many aspects. Another deals with the Geographical Distribution of Organisms, which is Mr. Wallace's own special subject. In another he examines the geological evidence of evolution. One chapter deals very fully with difficulties and objections, in which such topics are discussed as difficulty as to smallness of varieties; as to the right variations occurring when required; the beginnings of important organs; origin of the eye; instability of non-adaptive characters, and so on. In another chapter, on Fundamental Problems in relation to Variation and Heredity, Mr. Wallace discusses the various theories that have been advanced as modifications of Darwin's theory, or supplements to it, or substitutes of more or less important aspects of it, advanced by such writers as Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Geddes, Mr. Romanes, Dr. Weissmann, and others. He shows, very satisfactorily in our estimation, that the proposed substitutes cannot stand, that the proposed supplements to Darwin's theory are either based on misconceptions of what that theory is, or are only part of the material utilized by the forces which the theory calls into play.

One word must be said about the last chapter, which to many readers will be the most interesting of all—"Darwinism applied to Man." It is well known that Darwin and Mr. Wallace did not agree as to the influences that have been at work to raise man to his present advanced stage of development, that have enabled him to shoot far ahead of those lower animals with which he stands in such close physical relationship. Darwin maintained that it was unnecessary to call in any other forces than those implied by his theory—those which have been at work from the beginning to produce the immense variety which now exists among organized beings. Mr. Wallace, on the other hand, maintains that, to account for man's mental and spiritual nature, some other force must have come into play at a certain stage of his development; and it is commonly thought that he believes that force to be of a supernatural character. But the last chapter—which in some respects will appear to the unprejudiced thinker unsatisfactory and not throughout scientific in its reasoning—seems to us clearly to obviate this objection, if at least we may judge from the analogy which Mr. Wallace introduces. The sort of force which he thinks must come into play at a certain stage of man's career upwards, he tells us, probably held the same relation to Natural Selection that the Glacial epoch did to the ordinary forces of heat and cold, rain and sunshine, rivers and ocean, in sculpturing the face of the land. True, he maintains that glaciation is different in kind from these other forces; the ordinary physical geographer, however, usually, classifies them all under the same category. At the same time the spiritual world, the origin of which Mr. Wallace cannot believe is accounted for by Darwinism, is in his idea of a much more comprehensive character than is usually maintained. Still the concluding chapter will have its uses, and will bring consolation to many who would fain believe in Darwinism, but fear lest that might involve the renunciation of their faith:—

Those who admit my interpretation of the evidence now advanced . . . will be relieved from the crushing mental burthen imposed upon those who—maintaining that we, in common with the rest of nature, are but products of the blind eternal forces of the universe, and believing also that the time must come when the sun will lose his heat and all life on the earth necessarily cease—have to contemplate a not very distant future in which all this glorious earth—which for untold millions of years has been slowly developing forms of life and beauty to culminate at last in man—shall be as if it had never existed; who are compelled to suppose that all the slow growths of our race struggling towards a higher life, all the agony of martyrs, all the groans of victims, all the evil and misery and undeserved sufferings of all the ages, all the struggles for freedom, all the efforts towards justice, all the aspirations for virtue and the wellbeing of humanity, shall absolutely vanish, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack behind."

"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas science."

MODERN STREET BALLADS.*

MR. JOHN ASHTON'S latest publication—if, indeed, it be latest at this present writing, so ceaselessly does he wield the paste and scissors—is not by any means the least amusing. In a stout volume he has gathered together a sampling of the street ballads in vogue during the first half of the present century. It is true he has, for convenience' sake, somewhat enlarged the boundaries of his period, since he includes a lyric on the Mutiny of the Nore at one end, and at the other that once popular ballad of "The Ratecatcher's Daughter" who

had such a sweet loud voice, Sir,
You could hear her all down Parliament Street,
And as far as Charing Cross, Sir,—

a voice which must echo "in the memory of men yet living." Indeed, in all probability, it is the "men yet living"—men who have "come (unregretfully) to forty year," and for whom the second quarter of the century has faded into that pleasant fairyland which Thackeray allegorizes in Chapter I. of *The Newcomes*—that era when the roses still bloomed, and the nightingale sang by the calm Bendemeer—who will most appreciate Mr. Ashton's gathering. They will recall how, as youths, they surveyed in the *Illustrated London News* the portraits of Mlle. Jetty Treffz, whose "Trab, Trab, Trab," at Jullien's Promenade Concerts (whereof the picture has been drawn by Richard Doyle), passed into the streets as the popular "Cab, Cab, Cab," here preserved; they will recall the famous days of the Polka and the Redowa and the Cellarius; they will remember the "I'm Afloat" of Henry Russell, which has its street parody in "I'm a Gent"; they will remember how Robson, in *The Wandering Minstrel*, sang the immortal tragedy of "Vilkins and his Dinah" (ah, happy golden age, when all the "w's" were "v's"!); and they will rejoice over "I had a donkey wot wouldn't go"—which the poet Slum ingeniously perverted to the base uses of Mrs. Jarley's waxwork.

All round my hat I wears a green willow,
All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day;
If any one should ax it, the reason vy I wears it,
Tell them that my true love is far, far away.

Who is there "so blunt in memory, so old at heart," as not to recognize that once familiar hymn, or "breathes with soul so dead" as not to thrill again at the tragedy—really admirable in its metrical technique—of "Miss Bailey's Ghost":—

A Captain bold, in Halifax, who dwelt in country quarters,
Seduced a maid, who hanged herself, one morning, in her garters;
His wicked conscience smited him, he lost his stomach daily,
He took to drinking ratafee, and thought upon Miss Bailey.
Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey.

One night betimes he went to rest, for he had caught a fever,
Says he, "I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver";
His candle just at twelve o'clock began to burn quite palely,
A ghost stepp'd up to his bedside, and said, "Behold Miss Bailey!"
Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey.

"Avant, Miss Bailey," then he cried; "your face looks white and meally."

"Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied, "you've used me ungentlely;

The Crown's Quest goes hard with me, because I've acted frailly,
And Parson Biggs won't bury me, though I am dead Miss Bailey."
Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey.

"Dear Corpse," said he, "since you and I accounts must once for all close,
I've really got a one-pound note in my regimental small clothes;
'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave." The ghost then vanish'd gaily,
Crying, "Bless you, wicked Captain Smith, remember poor Miss Bailey."
Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey.

Scholiasts have discovered that this metre exactly echoes one of the choruses in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes:—

ἄνδρες φίλοι καὶ δημόται καὶ τοῦ πολεῖν ἐρασταί.

But it is more curious to note that its immediate successor in these pages is the ballad of "Humphrey Duggins," a profane bachelor with (in the headpiece) a most villainous queue, who beguiled a trusting "Widow Warmurse" into matrimony, and then presented her with a large little family "ready-made"—a deception which, if we mistake not, prompted the excellent *jeu d'esprit* of a certain London lyricist whose variation on "Unfortunate Miss Bailey" ends, in almost the exact words of the Lord of Burleigh, with a like disclosure:—

All of these are mine and thine.

Compared with its predecessor, Mr. Ashton's new volume is scarcely as rich in folklore and the supernatural as was a *Century of Ballads*. Speaking from pretty accurate recollection, we should say, too, that the earlier series displayed occasionally a "first fine careless rapture" which is nowhere reached in the "Modern Ballads." But the level is much more equally maintained in the latter, many of the pieces in which might almost pass for humorous poetry. "Giles Scroggins's Ghost" (for which Cruikshank did a characteristic cut in the *Universal Songster*), the "Cork Leg," the "Literary Dustman," the "Workhouse Boy," "I likes a drop of good beer," and "Jim Crow" are all worth study, if only on

account of the extraordinary popularity they once enjoyed. A few of the others go back so far as to be quite remote in their suggestion—e.g. the "Margate Hoy," which recalls one of Elin's last essays with that title, and the "Jolly Angler," which is a curious doggerelization of the charming old song in the eleventh chapter of Walton's *Angler*. Another "Modern Ballad" which the editor quotes in his preface manifestly endeavours after the humour of those egregious "Cross Readings" with which, circa 1766, one "Papyrus Cursor" of the *Public Advertiser* (in the flesh Caleb Whitefoord) delighted his contemporaries:—

"Poor Bessie was a Sailor's bride," "Sitting on a Rail," Sirs,
"Is there a heart that never loved?" "The Rose of Annandale," Sirs,
"The Maid of Judah," "Out of Place," with "Plenty to be sad at,"
"I say, my rum 'un, who are you?" with "What a shocking bad hat."

But we cannot undertake to schedule the contents of Mr. Ashton's "Clippings from Catnach." On themes urban and rural, naval and military, loyal and political, his minstrels have much to say, and "their native wood notes," though at times undoubtedly "wild," are extremely diverting. They also comply generally with two indispensable conditions of the art poetic—they are sincere, and they seek their themes in the things about them. We have seen more than one miscellany of latter-day song which we would willingly exchange for Mr. Ashton's amusing and unpretending compilation.

NICHOL ON BACON'S PHILOSOPHY.*

MR. NICHOL has followed up his *Life of Bacon*, which we noticed a while ago, with a companion volume on Bacon's philosophy, and in this he has given us, without any show of ambition, something which has long been desirable, and which, so far as we know, has never exactly been produced before. He has written an eminently sensible and balanced account of Bacon's place in the history of human intellect; he has considered without prejudice both what Bacon endeavoured to be and desired to be taken for, and what, probably with quite sincere unconsciousness, he inevitably was; both what Bacon's work aimed at in its design and details, and what was the mark it actually made in the direction and the spirit of European speculation in the following generations. It is not at all to be regretted, we think, that Mr. Nichol is not either a professed philosopher or a professed man of science. The metaphysician demands critical ideas, and the man of pure science demands definite results. By neither of these tests can we assign any positive measure of Bacon's legacy to the world. It is hardly possible to apply them without doing him injustice, and attempts at redress have too often assumed the form of paradox. No great name has suffered more from irrelevant censure or from inappropriate praise. Macaulay's famous and, it is to be feared, still too popular essay stands as the most brilliantly crude example of both kinds of error. His degradation of Bacon as a man is founded at all events on facts, though on gravely distorted facts. His exaltation of what he supposed to be Bacon's philosophy was more perverse with less excuse. His treatment of Bacon's life happened to be made unhistorical by partisanship; his treatment of Bacon's work was radically unphilosophical because he had no spiritual sense for philosophy of any kind, and thought Bacon to be such an one as himself. But it is needless to say more about the Macaulay bogie of Bacon. It is put aside, with temperate firmness, in Mr. Nichol's opening pages. On the whole, it seems that a man of letters, equipped with a reasonable amount of scientific culture and the power of taking a large historical view of intellectual movement, is the right kind of person to expound Bacon to the modern public. These, at any rate, are Mr. Nichol's qualifications, and we do not think his performance is likely to be bettered in our time.

Writing for readers who are not expected to know much a book which is expected to be complete in itself, Mr. Nichol had to give a general sketch of the history of philosophy before Bacon's time, or perhaps we should say of the relations of philosophy to other branches of human knowledge. He has done this in a workmanlike and sufficient manner. The worst blot we have noted is the typographic monster *μηνιαστή* [sic] *ἀνταγισ*, which ought not to have escaped correction. We are rather surprised to read that "the later Stoics have been accused of inclining to materialistic views"; for we were taught and have always believed that the Stoic cosmogony was never otherwise than frankly, and even grossly, materialist. And to speak of "the often-challenged reports of the travellers Marco Polo and Mandeville" is certainly much less than just to Marco Polo. The research of Colonel Yule and the labours of modern travellers have constantly confirmed that which Marco Polo reported from his own observation. Mandeville's very person is shadowy at best, and the book, as soon as it takes us east of Damascus, is a second-hand farrago of gossip and fable, interesting and curious enough in ways of its own, but by no means in Marco Polo's way. These things, however, are so remote from Bacon as to be only just worth mentioning.

One want is excellently supplied by Mr. Nichol. He has

* *Francis Bacon, his Life and Philosophy.* By John Nichol. Part II: Bacon's Philosophy. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons 1889.

* *Modern Street Ballads.* By John Ashton. London: Chatto & Windus, 1888.

rightly seen how little profit there is in criticizing Bacon's philosophy of science merely from our present point of view. There followed close upon Bacon a generation of great men of science, and if we wish to be just to Bacon's work we must see whether those men thought themselves and their own work the better for it. Now there is ample evidence, the evidence of express reference and acknowledgment, that they did think so, and it was a point on which they had no motive for deceiving themselves. We have pointed out on former occasions that express acknowledgment meant a great deal more in the seventeenth century than it does now.

What Mr. Nichol says, or repeats with approval, of Bacon's political wisdom is well said; our only criticism is that there might well have been something more of it. On the other hand, it is going too far to say that Bacon "has built a pyramid in law." He left in the field of law reform, and what is now called the theory of legislation, a record of large and enlightened ambition, but very little of accomplished work. Coke's intellectual narrowness, reinforced by personal hostility, thwarted Bacon's designs at every turn, and the partial fulfilment of them in our own day has had very little to do with Bacon's exposition. Continental jurists have paid him the tribute of ornamental citation, but he can hardly be said to have been their master. But Mr. Nichol has in the main adequately explained how and why Bacon was not a man of definite and measurable results, and he has well exhibited and explained the necessity of a consequence which has puzzled many honest students—namely, that Bacon has constantly been underrated by specialists.

We commend Mr. Nichol as a safe guide to those who do not yet know Bacon, and we conceive that such as are past needing guidance will still find his company profitable.]

MR. MUYBRIDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.*

SINCE his last visit to Europe in 1882, Mr. Eadward Muybridge has greatly increased the very interesting and curious fruits of his photographic observation on animal locomotion which he had pursued with striking success during the ten previous years. Then, his labours attracted considerable attention, not merely among photographers, but in the world of science, while among artists and art critics a pretty controversy set in on the subject of the horse and his representation in art which is likely to be revived and extended to other fields. Now, Mr. Muybridge has accumulated data exceedingly abundant and rich in suggestion and instruction. The fine series of plates before us, printed by the Photogravure Company, and issued under the authority of the University of Pennsylvania, is but a sheaf from Mr. Muybridge's vast collection of nearly eight hundred, each of which comprises from one to three dozen continuous illustrations of the single action in man, or quadruped, or bird that is the subject of the photographer's study. Thanks to the ingenious inventions and devices of Mr. Muybridge, and the facilities afforded by the endowment of his researches by the University of Pennsylvania, these demonstrations of the movements of animals are marvellously complete. Their consecutive character is of the highest value to the student. Hitherto we have had examples that are little better than disconnected notes of locomotion. With Mr. Muybridge instantaneous photography has acquired a new significance. The literal instant is subdivided infinitesimally. The minutest fraction of a second suffices for exposure of the various plates, and the act or moment is recorded as a swift evolutionary show, with all its phases of development, from the initial impulse to its completion. The unity is absolutely unblurred or unbroken. Thus the action photographed is displayed cumulatively to its climax, and gradually lapsing to quiescence. Naturally there is much in these plates that must sorely exercise the faith of the average observer and the untrained eye, though it is significant to note that the "things that are not seen" are much more prominent in the less familiar subjects than in the admirable series of the man and the high jump (Plate 152), or the horse and his rider leaping a fence (647), or the base-ball player striking the ball (279), or delivering it (289). There is nothing in these that provokes the wonder, which is the natural product of ignorance, nothing that arouses any feeling but the keenest interest and pleasure. On the other hand it is difficult, and in certain of its phases impossible, to reconcile the evidence of these photographs of animals in rapid motion with any sort of experience, ordinary or special. There is a good deal of genuine grotesque in the representations of a hound running (710), with his four legs crossed and gathered under him, with a back view that hints of a truncated hind leg, and in the very instructive set (626) of the jockey and racer. Extremely curious, too, are the phases of a pigeon's flight (755). In some of these the arrested flight has produced the quaintest arrangement of feathers, and in others we have a spread and exaltation of wing that recalls the "celestial poultry" of a famous art critic who loved not the angels of the Old Masters.

With all this inevitable conflict between the visual sense and

the scientific record there is boundless profit and delight in many of Mr. Muybridge's photographs of moving animals. Moving, indeed, in more senses than the literal, are the representations of the lively ass, a very fresh and gamesome beast (559). Beautiful, also, are the nine examples of the noble lion in his den (721), and the marvellous examples in Plate 739 of the swinging trot of the camel. No one can doubt that in these, as in the admirable plate showing the paces of the draught-horse (565) and the horse and rider (616), there is excellent material for the artist's study. Coleridge, who remarked how inimitably graceful children were before they learned dancing, must have modified that harsh verdict if he could have seen Mr. Muybridge's charming record of the dancer (187). There is a natural grace of action in several of the phases shown in Plates 214 and 465—a woman and child—that must needs attract a sculptor. What influence Mr. Muybridge's elaborate researches may exercise in the practice of artists it would be useless to attempt to forecast. It is quite possible, however, that the conventions of animal painters, so far as they affect animals in motion, may be somewhat modified. But there is enough in the richer and completed results of Mr. Muybridge's labours to check the ardour of those authorities who imagined some few years ago that one entire branch of art was about to be revolutionized by the records of instantaneous photography. Mr. Muybridge's exposition of the horse and his paces—novel and surprising as they are in some phases—shows very clearly that the Greek sculptors and the Old Masters in painting were not, after all, so grossly inaccurate as Professor Marey maintains in his *Animal Mechanism*. It is easy to deride the "false attitudes" of the horses of the Parthenon frieze, or the modern painter's horse in full speed, with all his feet off the ground. The Old Masters, by the way, generally knew better. There is one at least of Mr. Muybridge's photographs of the horse and his rider that is vividly suggestive of the Parthenon frieze, and might have served the sculptor admirably as a sketch for his work. After all is said, art has to deal with impressions in representing horses. If any man may be said to have a trained eye it is the sculptor or the painter. He sees more than the average person, and in all probability does see a large proportion of the phases of animal locomotion recorded by Mr. Muybridge. But the beauty and excellence of his work does not depend on his finer perception or the multiplicity of the facts observed, but rather on the right selection employed. That Mr. Muybridge's photographic researches merit the study of artists we have not the slightest doubt, though, of course, they appeal to almost every class or condition of humanity. Their aspects of interest, to judge from the valuable sample at hand, are not easily enumerated, and will be found practically inexhaustible.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

COMPARATIVELY little attention has been given in England, except by those personally concerned, to the very considerable recent extensions of French colonial enterprise in Western Africa. It is true that these extensions were in great part a consequence connected with the now unpopular "Tonkinese" policy of M. Ferry, that they have never excited enthusiasm or even so much as interest in France, and that the value of the results is very much disputed. It is, however, an undoubted fact that the French have stolen marches, and those no short ones, on English trade and influence in the districts to the back of Senegambia, and in the direction of Timbuctoo, and it is also a fact that they have, under the auspices of the ingenious M. de Brazza, nominally annexed a very considerable territory between the Gaboon and the Congo. The two books (1, 2) before us tell stories of these two districts, and tell them in a different manner. There has been a good deal of fighting—regular and pretty hard fighting—in the "French Soudan," and Captain Péroz, who took part in it, gives some account of the matter. He has a very high opinion, as is perhaps natural, of the capabilities of the country, though it has been apparently devastated in parts since the days of Mungo Park, who, like some other African travellers, seems to have laboured for the benefit of other European nations than his own. The late M. Guiral, who died very young of African fever, had very different experiences in Brazzaland, where, it would seem, the authority of France is for the most part merely nominal. Instead of fighting and negotiating with *infanterie de marine* and black levies at his back, he travelled almost alone, though with a "mission," underwent no small hardships, and contrasts (with a South Frenchman's unwillingness not to give himself the *beau rôle*) his noble poverty with the magnificence of Mr. Stanley—whom he met at Stanley Pool. But M. Guiral seems to have been a traveller of the old and good sort, who could note carefully and tell clearly; and his book, partly due to a friend, who, like himself, is dead, is valuable in its kind.

We are afraid that *Fort comme la mort* (3) will be something of a disappointment to those who hoped for an entirely new departure from M. Guy de Maupassant in or after *Pierre et Jean*. In that book—one of the few great novels of the last twenty years in France—the author seemed to have discarded, except as

* *Animal Locomotion: an Electro-Photographic Investigation of Consecutive Phases of Animal Movements*. By Eadward Muybridge. Published under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. Author's edition. Philadelphia.

(1) *Au Soudan français*. Par E. Péroz. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(2) *Le Congo français*. Par L. Guiral. Paris: Plon.
(3) *Fort comme la mort*. Par Guy de Maupassant. Paris.

a mere adjunct, the wearisome convention of "les trois," which has weighed upon his country's fiction far more heavily than the much-abused young person has ever weighed on the fiction of England. In *Fort comme la mort* the Three reappear in the foreground. Olivier Bertin, a fashionable portrait-painter, has years before seduced his sitter, the Countess de Guilleroy (and when M. Ohnet and M. de Maupassant combine, the French husband who wishes his wife's portrait taken may well feel uncomfortable), and has continued ever since in the peculiarly ignoble relationship where passion no longer justifies the offence with the wife, and honour clearly bars the offence towards the husband and the friend. M. de Maupassant's new seasoning for this situation consists chiefly in the ugly innovation of a fresh fancy springing up in the lover for his beloved's daughter—a situation not pretty to begin with, and, as it happens, not recently novel in French novels. Nor is the book distinguished by anything like the great scenes—the pier scene, the shrimping scene, and the others—which took *Pierre et Jean* altogether out of the line of its companions. That there is pathos, wit, observation of human nature in the book need not be said, seeing that it is written by the person who has written it; but, as the English passenger said to his French coachman, M. de Maupassant "a tourné mal" once more, which is a thousand pities. Almost any of them can do this sort of thing fairly; M. Henri Rabusson, we really think, could have done it rather better, and M. Georges Duruy not much less well. But not one of them could have done *Pierre et Jean*.

The despairing cry, "Who will deliver us from 'the document'?" has not been raised with the vigour which, no doubt, will be shown before long; but reasonable humanity is slowly waking up to discover in the document-hunter one of its grimmest enemies. He is particularly grim when, like M. Gaulot, he has a knack or *flair* which enables him to discover documents really new, not absolutely insignificant, and yet possessing so little significance that the infliction of a new book in virtue of them is felt as an outrage. M. Gaulot did this recently with an utterly abortive plot to deliver Marie Antoinette. He now does it with the papers of a paymaster-general who served in the Mexican expedition (4). Now we do not think that many people want to hear more about the Mexican expedition. If they do, M. Gaulot is their man. One flash of humour at the beginning of the book may serve to illuminate their way. M. Gaulot writes, "England—is it needful to say it?—shared not the generous ideas of France and Spain." The generous ideas of the Jecker bond business would be good enough. But M. Gaulot himself, on his very next page-opening, tells us how France proceeded at once to make on Mexico "extravagant pecuniary demands." This is an odd way of being generous.

M. de Varigny's *Charles Darwin* (5) is, and does not pretend to be anything more than, a summary of the various books, authoritative and other, which have been published about the author of the *Origin of Species*. As such it may be commended.

We have already more than once or twice noticed the agreeable volumes—impossible to review in a short space, but a joy to the book-making composer of magazine articles, and more reputably to the idle turner-over of books—in which M. Alfred Franklin (6) from time to time industriously gleams from all manner of fields particulars about the domestic and extra-historical life of Old France. One of his two present instalments, dealing with the old Guild and Trades-Union law, though valuable and interesting in its way, is less for the general reader than the other. All those who agree with the great moralist and lexicographer as to the importance of minding Messer Gaster will be glad to read M. Franklin's notes on cookery, manners at table, and on a thousand details connected with the great acts of eating and drinking. These details we can only refer to in the briefest manner; but we may note one which, though we have probably seen it before, strikes us freshly. One of the manuals of "civility" reprehends the practice of holding the soup or other plate with the left hand on a ground which is agreeable. You should not do it, because it looks as if you thought some one was going to take it from you.

M. Jules Nollée de Noduwez (7) is an industrious writer of verse, which usually attains, and not seldom passes, good magazine and album average. But he is not quite strong enough to afford his preface denouncing "Wagnerism in poetry"—though, by the way, the said preface contains some sensible remarks. It is, as a rule, safer to find fault with such a poet as M. Leconte de Lisle (far from faultless as he is) in a book where you don't include specimens of your own verse.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FAR Away and Long Ago, by Frances Anne Kemble (Bentley), is an interesting and, in some respects, a powerful story of life in New England in the days before railroads, when the Indian yet lingered in Massachusetts, and "the truly Reverend Mr. Edwards," grandson of the famous Jonathan Edwards, ministered to the

(4) *Rêve d'empire*. Par Paul Gaulot. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Charles Darwin*. Par H. de Varigny. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *La vie privée d'autrefois*. Par Alfred Franklin. *Comment on devenait patron. Le repas*. Paris: Plon.

(7) *Chevauchées poétiques*. Par Jules Nollée de Noduwez. Paris: Plon.

spiritual wants of the village of Greenville. Here, in very restricted space, a stirring tragi-comedy is enacted. The characters are vigorously drawn, the presentment is strikingly natural, the pathos and humour delightful, and the tragical element is treated in an imaginative spirit. Altogether one does not need the assurance that it is a "true story." How far it is true in the base sense of the word, being founded on fact, no reader will greatly care to know; for it has the higher quality of truth—truth of observation, analysis, and human nature—that wants no documentary credentials.

By the same writer we have the Alpine experience of our old friend Tartarin of Tarascon, done into English as *The Adventures of Mr. John Timothy Homespun* (Bentley), in the form of a three-act comedieta of the kind that once flourished in the days of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. The incidents and characters of the original are faithfully reproduced in this Anglicized version, though much of the humour suffers through the transmutation of the hero. It is an amusing trifle, however, and the dialogue is brisk throughout, and at times decidedly funny.

Two Daughters of One Race, by C. H. Douglas (Digby & Long), with the motto, "We were two daughters of one race," naturally suggests a story of sisterly jealousy, with a wicked nobleman to play for—"and oh, the Earl was fair to see!"—and we are sorely disappointed to find Mr. Douglas provides nothing better than two rather colourless young ladies, who are quite respectable as to conduct and friendly in disposition, and no wicked Earl fair to see, nor even a bad baronet dreadful to listen to. The story is well enough as to the writing, but is anything but skilfully told. It begins with a sad tedious retrospect, it introduces an old farmhouse with a tower attached which ought to contain a mystery, but is quite innocent of any such delight, and it progresses by an easily anticipated course to a depressingly tame conclusion.

Our poetry this week is unusually varied. It ranges from Mr. W. J. Linton's *Poems and Translations* (J. C. Nimmo), a tasteful imprint of limited issue from the Chiswick Press, to a translation by James Gillow Morgan, *Campion: a Tragedy* (Burns & Oates), by the Rev. G. Longhaye, S.J., "the well-known French dramatic author." Mr. Linton's attractive volume comprises a selection from two books now scarce, the one published in 1865, the other privately printed in 1887, and a goodly series of translations from old and modern French poets rendered into the original metres. Mr. Linton's charming lyrics exemplify the truth of the old saying that the poet is never old. In the matter of purity of form and style, of freshness of rapture and sentiment, there is no perceptible difference between the "early poems" and those marked "later." In the former, indeed, we have a few pieces in blank verse—"Grenville's Last Fight" and "Eurydice"—which, though stately in diction, are less notable than the collected lyrics that are prefaced with the following graceful and appropriate verses:—

In Childhood's unsuspicious hours
The fairies crown'd my head with flowers.
Youth came; I lay at Beauty's feet;
She smiled, and said my song was sweet.
Then Age; and, Love no longer mine,
My brows I shaded with the vine.
With flowers and love and wine and song,
O Death! life hath not been too long.

As translator Mr. Linton gleams from many fields, from Froissart and Olivier Basselin, from Charles d'Orléans and Marot, from Ronsard, from Béranger, Hugo, Musset, Gérard de Nerval, Gautier, and poets yet living. Some of the examples have been attempted by various eminent hands; yet in most of these Mr. Linton's success justifies the venture. The versions of Béranger are especially spirited. Of more modern specimens we can only note here the happy rendering of M. Leconte de Lisle's pretty song, "*Là-bas, sur la mer, comme l'hirondelle*" (p. 196).

The practice of adopting titles of famous books is bad from any point of view, and one that seems to increase among us. *New Songs of Innocence*, by Janet Logie Robertson (Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace), is a volume of lyrics on childhood and its charms in which there is not a little that is tuneful, sweet, and delicate in fancy, though at the best a very long way after William Blake. They are not even in that category, for in no sense are they compact of imagination. Here is a sunrise simile that altogether eclipses Longfellow's surprising "*Witch of Endor*":—

Like a haughty Turk he rises,
Aroused from his rest too soon,
And in revelry surprises
His prisoner, the moon!

Mr. Arthur Stanley's *Poems* (Digby & Long) comprise an "Entry of Bacchus into Thebes" that suggests an admiring study of *Hiawatha*, and sundry smaller, though scarcely slighter, essays in fluent verse. Without any individuality of thought or musical expression, there is a genuine enthusiasm in *Lyrics and Ballads*, by Margaret L. Woods (Bentley), and this ally of inspiration is controlled by an artistic sense of form. Of *Campion: a Tragedy* (Burns & Oates) it is difficult to say aught, without falling into controversial matters, which, nevertheless, are not entirely separable from the question of stage representation. Though the translator entertains the prospect, *Campion*, as a stage play, is not likely to please any but those who sympathize with the author's views of the mission of Campion and Parsons, and accept his treatment of history.

The Golden Paltter, edited by Dr. Macduff, and *Pansies*, a birthday book of Scriptural verses with pretty floral designs in colour, are two bijou gift-books, put forth in attractive bindings, by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co.

A new edition is before us of the *Treasury of Scripture Knowledge* (Bagster & Sons), a useful collection of references and parallel passages, with illustrative notes derived from several commentators, and skilfully arranged for the guidance and aid of missionaries, Sunday-school teachers, and others.

We have to acknowledge a second edition of Mr. Pattison Muir's *Treatise on the Principles of Chemistry*, revised and partly re-written (Macmillan); *City Shams*, a political thesis by J. A. Ingham, jun., with a review of "Viscount Cross and Torrens Acts," by J. Gordon McCullagh (Swan Sonnenschein); the fifth edition of Mr. William Black's *Strange Adventures of a House-Boat* (Sampson Low & Co.); the *Catalogo Generale* of Signor Ulrico Hoepli, of Milan; and *Our Garden and its Feathered Inhabitants*, a capital little book for children, with illustrations (Dean & Son).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Miss DAUGARS and Miss LEE beg to announce their **SIXTH ANNUAL CONCERT** on Monday Evening, June 17, Eight o'clock, at the Banqueting Hall, Regent Street entrance. Artists: Miss Marie de Lido, Miss Lee, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Richard Hope, Mr. Frederic King. Violin, Herr Jacoby. Piano-forte, Miss Daugars. Recitations by Miss Marie de Grey. Tickets, Reserved, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 3s. 6d. OFS, Lucas & Weber, New Bond Street, and of Miss Daugars and Miss Lee, 23 Messina Avenue, West Hampstead.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY—NATIONAL GALLERY.

In accordance with the resolution passed at the last Annual General Meeting, the Collection of Water-Colour Copies from ancient Italian, Flemish, and German Masters, which have been published in Chromolithography, has been lent to the Trustees of the NATIONAL GALLERY, and is now exhibited in two lower rooms of that building. The remaining Collection of Unpublished Drawings, amounting to nearly 200, may still be seen at the Society's Gallery, from 10 till 5; Saturdays, 10 till 4. Admission free.
10 St. James's Street, S.W. D. H. GORDON, Secretary.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY—ADMISSION of NEW MEMBERS

It has been resolved to-day by the Council that all persons who may enter as Members of the Society during the pre-ent year shall be immediately promoted to the Class of Second Subscribers, instead of remaining for some time in the Class of Associates as formerly.
10 St. James's Street, S.W., May 15, 1889. By order, D. H. GORDON, Secretary.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The COUNCIL are prepared to appoint a PROFESSOR of ENGLISH LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, and HISTORY. The stipend of the Professor will be £350 per annum. Applications, with testimonials, should be forwarded before the 30th June to Cardiff.

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

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ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, WINDSOR.—SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in July next. For particulars apply to the HEAD MASTER.

HILLISIDE, GODALMING, Surrey. (Close to Charterhouse.) Preparatory for Charterhouse and other Public Schools. A. M. CURTIS, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. G. GIDLEY ROBINSON, M.A., formerly Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford, and late Assistant-Master of Charterhouse.

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For further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to the West-End Agents, Grindlay & Co., 55 Parliament Street, S.W.

By order of the Executors of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.—Sussex. At the Chapel of 4,000 Guineas, for a number of years until his death the residence of this distinguished antiquary and biographer of Shakespeare. A Freehold Estate of about 12 acres and a half, occupying a singularly choice position, about two miles above Brighton, on the south-western slope of the South Downs, some 550ft. above the level of the sea, commanding a magnificent prospect over a grand reach of country and the sea beyond. The residence is approached by a carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and consists of a connected group of picturesque one-storied buildings or hangarons, containing altogether some 10 bed, dressing, and bath rooms, spacious drawing and dining rooms, smoking-room, a fine study, library, greenhouse, and ample domestic offices. Almost every room has a south or south-western aspect (or both), and is paneled in varnished pitch pine, the principal apartments having lofty, open, timbered roofs. The fitting and finishing throughout is admirable, and the sanitary arrangements the first attention has been paid under eminent authority. The outbuildings, at a convenient remove from the house, comprise stabling for several horses, two coach-houses, a specially constructed laundry, fuel and tool houses, workshops, and other adjuncts. The grounds are of singular beauty, the skill of the landscape-gardener having but preserved and embellished the rugged natural beauty of the spot. The pretty copse or wood on the ridge of the slope sheltering the dwelling beneath it from the north and east is intersected by winding walks, and from an artificial pool, at its higher end, a stream flows in a series of mimic wat-falls through the whole length of the grounds to a similar pool below. There is a fine plantation, shrubbery, flower and kitchen gardens, extensive lawns and grass plateau, and roseray arcade some 350 feet long. This property in its situation, composition, and surroundings offers exceptional advantages to the literary man or others desiring a country retreat of a moderate compass, with every rural attraction, and yet with the practical benefits attaching to its proximity to the Queen of Watering Places, and its being but a little over an hour's express journey to London by rail.

MESSRS. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS, CLARK & CO. are instructed to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C., on Thursday, June 6th, at 2 o'clock precisely, the FREEHOLD ESTATE, known as the Holybury Copse, in the parish of Patcham, Sussex, as described above. Particulars, plans, views, and conditions of sale are in course of preparation, and may be obtained, when ready, of Messrs. Meredith, Roberts & Mills, Solicitors, a New Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.; Messrs. Baker, Son, James & Reed, Solicitors, Weston-super-Mare; at the Mart, E.C.; and of Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis, Clark & Co., 59 Fleet Street, Temple Bar, and 15 Old Broad Street, E.C.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The COUNCIL, earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. £20,000 required for new Nursing Establishment, enlargement of Medical School, the Convalescent Home, and current expenses. Bankers: Messrs. Drummond.

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